

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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## JOHN MAXWELL'S MARRIAGE.

### CHAPTER XXIX.

MAXWELL went to his inn, full of bitter thoughts. He had succeeded; that he knew. He had lived long enough to know that an offer of money, if not rejected out of hand, is seldom refused. But he had succeeded at how cruel a cost! The sacrifice of money was in itself a small thing, yet a great one, for it exhausted nearly his whole capital. He congratulated himself now on the scheme of securing an ultimate place of abode in France or Italy, which had induced him to bring with him to Paris his worldly goods, in the shape of bills of exchange. These Franklin held for him; but he, on the other hand, had been provided by Vergennes and Franklin with other bills on Bristol houses which might be used to promote a revolutionary attempt. For this fund he had had no use, and now, since his own securities were held in pawn, he could draw on it to the extent of his capital. But by so doing he must cut the ground from under his scheme of transplanting the family across the Atlantic. That might still be done, but only at a grave risk; yet the true bitterness was that it would not be done. He had given his child her mother, the mother of her imaginings—for his gift, he was determined, should not be by halves. She should never know

that the woman around whom she had woven her white dreams and longings, had covenanted to sell her into a bondage infinitely worse than that into which she herself had been sold. She should keep her mother—the unknown, and better unknown. Mercilessly he dissected the character that had revealed itself to him so nakedly through that long interview. This, then, was the woman to whom he was tied by an hour of drunken madness; only now was he paying the full price. For a moment he thought of Mary's scheme—a reconciliation between man and wife. That, indeed, would enable him to keep the girl with him—the child, the one thing that he had won out of all that madness, the girl who was bone of his bone, flesh of his flesh, thought of his thought.

Yet even to consider the project was preposterous. It had not needed Isabella's reference to the "rascally rebels" to decide him upon the likelihood of such a woman following him into exile. He laughed bitterly at the mere conception. Plainly, as things were, the child must belong to one, not to two. She must be the father's or the mother's; and she had chosen to be the mother's. She had chosen in ignorance, doubtless, but he would never tear that veil from her eyes.

Still, at least he would claim her

before he said farewell. At least, for good or bad, she should know him for her father. And yet—and yet—So, tossing between uncertainties, he spent the night miserably enough.

Very different was the case of Isabella. For the first time since the day of that game at piquet she was in good humour with herself and the world. As in every word and gesture of Lambert's there had lurked insolence, so now every intonation in the voice of this other man had been pervaded with subtle flattery. There dawned in her an interest like that which ladies feel in the handsome preacher who bids them be true to their higher selves, to fulfil the beauty of their nature. And this preacher imposed no heavy penance; he only urged that she should give happiness and win applause by doing what was in no way disagreeable—by condescending, in fact, to accept on her own terms a loan of money. And that loan would be the means which would free her to pay back insult with contempt, to snap her fingers at Lambert. Even the loss of her jewels seemed a small thing compared with this gratification.

Nor was that all. A curiosity, rather than an instinct, awoke in her. The barriers with which she had fenced herself off from all that spoke of Douros and its memories had long become hedges of prejudice and obduracy rather than shields against any stab of feeling. Now all this talk of things long excluded from the mind had broken the barriers, and new impulses had play. Her languid intelligence enjoyed this unwonted stimulation. She found a pleasure in contemplating herself as the dispenser of happiness, and almost decided that she would not be generous by halves. In order to enjoy to the full the luxury of a good conscience she was almost ready to gratify this fancy of

the girl's for a kind mother. Only one thing perplexed and a little annoyed her—the fear lest a juxtaposition might too evidently disclose the *filia pulchrior*, and indicate that the beautiful Mrs. Maxwell was no longer in her first youth. This thought was uppermost in her mind at eleven o'clock next morning when she greeted her visitor.

"Well, Mr. Macnamara, if you are still of the same mind, I am decided to close with your offer. The security which I propose is a mortgage."

"Let us talk of that later, madam," said Maxwell, and as he spoke he bowed over her hand and kissed it. "I rejoice from my soul for the sake of your daughter—and, if I may say so, of yourself."

Isabella looked at him with an air of much meaning. "You are strangely interested in this girl of mine, Mr. Macnamara," she said. "Can it be that you yourself have designs?"

Her husband started. Looking at the cards from his side of them, he had never thought of this very natural construction. He laughed a little nervously. "My dear madam, you overlook my age. I am too old for your daughter—and not old enough to want a young girl for the nurse to my vices," he added with sudden savagery in his thought of Lambert. "Madam, in the hope that you would accept my offer, I have brought bills with me. Will you do me the pleasure to let Sir Garrett Lambert have his dismissal at the earliest moment?"

"Oh, you may be easy for that, sir. But then, in all honesty, you have had no thought of pretending to marriage with my daughter."

"In all honesty, madam," Maxwell answered, laughing, "I can assure you that the idea has never entered my mind."

Isabella looked immensely relieved. "From what you tell me, however, Mr. Macnamara," she said, "she must be a very remarkable sort of girl. I have been thinking a good deal of it, and it seems to me quite touching."

"I have never in my life known anything that touched me so profoundly," answered Maxwell. All the chords that stirred within him, all the thoughts that he was far indeed from speaking, gave to his voice, without his desiring it, a strange vibration. Yet Isabella was too much set on her own thoughts to notice.

"You are an eloquent advocate, Mr. Macnamara, and a warm friend," she said, with her most gracious air. "And I should like to show you my sense of that by consulting you about a plan that I have formed."

A vague anxiety began to shape itself in Maxwell's mind. In all his estimates of the chances, he had taken Isabella's original attitude for a fixed quantity, to which she might be induced to return, but beyond which no persuasion would move her. Now she spoke of plans. It was embarrassing.

"I shall be highly honoured, madam," he answered, attempting without success to show gratification. Isabella noticed, and was a little pettish.

"If it wearies you, sir—" she said, breaking off significantly.

"Madam, I entreat you," he answered quickly, fearing a quarrel. "If my voice showed something of what I felt, it was only that up to this all had seemed so far beyond my hopes that I could not believe it could be bettered."

"And yet, Mr. Macnamara," Isabella replied, "you must surely see that the girl cannot have all the advantages you might desire for her, living always in that remote corner.

I had thought, indeed, that it might gratify you somewhat if, as the result of your representations, I decided to show her something of the world."

At last, Isabella felt, she had not reason to be disappointed with the amount of emotion which she had evoked.

"Madam," he stammered confusedly, "I hardly understand—I can hardly believe—"

"I mean that I think of having the girl to live with me," she said, with a touch of impatience.

Maxwell's brain whirled. Here indeed was a result of his dexterity, the irony of which overwhelmed him. Here was Isabella suddenly unbending. Here were the girl's visionary hopes fulfilled beyond imagination. And to what end? To the trouble, saddest of all troubles, that comes of the unwise wish granted. He knew by every assurance that between this mother and daughter no real intimacy, no close bond, could establish itself; he saw in this proposal the ruin of that pleasant home that Mary McSwiney had built up. And yet it was kindness that set all this sorrow on foot; the pathos of it choked him.

"Well, sir, you say nothing," said Isabella with some asperity, for she did not underrate the importance of her concession, and she was disappointed in his lack of response.

Her husband collected his faculties with an effort. "If any one should come and tell this to your daughter," he answered in a low husky voice, "he would seem like an angel from heaven. But—" He paused. How could he speak the fear that was in his mind, the trouble that he apprehended from this much-desired meeting, just because it was so much desired? But Isabella, remote from what passed in him, and bent on her own thoughts, put her own interpretation on the pause.

"I guess what you mean. You are afraid that the child may feel an awkwardness at so sudden a change. I have thought of that. And to tell you the truth, Mr. Macnamara, I was decided to leave Bath for a while and retrench my expenses elsewhere. It seems to me now that the best course I could take would be to return to my own house, and to make friends with my daughter in the surroundings that she is used to."

Maxwell was petrified as he saw the remorseless logic with which link fitted into link. Isabella's losses had dictated at once the order for her daughter's marriage and the thought of a move from Bath. He came with his ingenious pleading to procure the cancelling of the order; and the slight necessary impetus was given which enabled her to surmount dislike of the most economical and natural retreat. It was all too simple; he had blundered in sheer ignorance of the facts, and now all control had slipped from him. "You will go to Douros?" he said mechanically.

Isabella's face darkened. "No, the house is too big and untidy. I wish it were in ruins altogether. It was my father's folly and the cause of all my troubles. No, I will go to my other house, to Castle Hayes, which can be made habitable at short notice, I dare say. It is a poor place enough, but if you should be in Ireland in a month or two it would give me pleasure to receive you there, that you may see the result of your efforts, which I hope will be as happy as you could desire."

Positive stupefaction had taken possession of Maxwell. Things moved altogether too fast for him, and now, with an absurd sense of topsy-turvydom, he listened to his wife inviting him to come to the home which he had made ready for a bride nineteen years before. Short of avowing him-

self, there was nothing to do but acquiesce in Isabella's arrangement. He put aside the thought of the impending troubles and his own exclusion, which now seemed to him irrevocably decreed, and he turned to what at least remained for him—the joy of telling his daughter the incredible good news, of seeing the rapture that she would know for a brief while of expectation. Only one stumbling-block remained to be removed, and it was an awkward one.

Thinking it no harm to display an emotion which in truth he could ill hide, he rose, crossed the room to the mantelpiece, and buried his face for a moment in his hands. Then, turning, he came and stood before Isabella. "Madam," he said, "you see me confounded with this unlooked-for, un hoped for generosity. In the name of my friend, I thank you."

"Oh, sir," she retorted sharply, "you need not bring that name into the matter." Then, unbending notably, "What I do," she added, "is done to gratify my daughter, since she shows such good feeling towards me; and also, I would wish you to know, to please a zealous advocate."

"Ah, madam," he returned, quick to seize an opening, "you are too kind. But I shall have to beg forgiveness for your daughter, and more for myself. There is a thing that I kept from you yesterday and designed to tell you to-day, but you forestalled me with this project."

Isabella looked suddenly uneasy. "What is this?" she asked. "I do not understand."

"Oh, nothing terrible, madam—a thing that may have results or may not. The old story of boy and girl."

"Ah," she cried. "Mary's boy! Is it not true that you never can trust a Papist? Mr. Macnamara, you should have told me this before. I will never forgive Mary."



"You are wrong—wholly wrong," he answered with sudden indignation. "You do your sister gross injustice." Then in a few brief words he told the story—how Lambert, armed with Isabella's authority, had frightened the girl, how the boy had flared up into a declaration, and claimed the right to protect. They were young, he said; they might change their minds a dozen times before they were of a proper age to marry. Isabella listened with a countenance that lightened as he continued. When he ended, she shook her head.

"And what am I to say to the gentleman who kept this news from me when the girl's marriage was under discussion?" she asked. Decidedly Isabella was in a mood of leniency.

Her husband bowed ceremoniously, took her hand and kissed it again. Almost in his own despite, the success of his pleading elated him, and he did not need to feign a satisfaction. "Say, madam," he answered, "that he was the fortunate instrument of leading you to a magnanimous resolution; that he only withheld the fact till he could be sure that you would not misunderstand it."

"This is vastly fine," said Isabella, bridling a little. "But anyhow it is very plain that the girl will be better with me—and without delay. I will write to Martin to make Castle Hayes ready for me."

"And you permit me, madam, to be the bearer of this good tidings?" Maxwell said quickly.

"I only make one condition, sir; that you undertake to be my guest at the end of the tedious journey which you have imposed upon me."

"Not I, madam, but your good heart," he said, as he bowed over her hand. "But indeed," he added with all sincerity, though with a reserve of melancholy humour, "not for a

great deal would I miss the sight of you with your daughter."

#### CHAPTER XXX.

PEAT fires had been burning in every room of Castle Hayes for a week; everything that could be scrubbed and dusted had been dusted and scrubbed. But all the will in the world cannot make a house that has been long untenanted take an air of homely comfort, and the big room where Mary and Grace, in a fret of impatience, waited for the great moment still looked damp and melancholy. Grace moved feverishly about, touching again and again this or that poor pretence at decoration, shaking out faded cushions, pulling out dingy curtains, readjusting her flowers. They were wild flowers mostly, for Castle Hayes owned neither gardener nor garden—great spikes of common loosestrife, trails of bramble blossom and bilberry bushes, with the leaden-blue fruit nestling among the ruddy-tipped green leaves,—and Grace looked on the result of her labours with a dubious air. And in her comings and goings the girl moved again and again to the window to stare out upon rain, rain, rain.

"Oh, Aunt Mary, it is too cruel," she cried for the twentieth time. "Such a day for her to come home! If she had only come when she said she would—or yesterday even. But now—won't she hate everything?" And her eyes filled.

Mary's face had a look of anxiety, very strange on it; her soft features were drawn into a hardness by long tension. "Don't fret, child," she said. "But indeed, I wish she had kept to her plan. Andy's boat has been lying in Douros now since Sunday, and it is not safe to have these delays. Over at Carrig we can

keep a watch on the mountain; but I don't like to see Mr. Macnamara this side of Slieve Alt. Listen to me now, Grace; you must not try to keep him."

"Oh," answered the girl absently. "But you know, Aunt Mary, it all seems to me so absurd. Everybody knows that Mr. Macnamara is our friend. Who is going to arrest him in my mother's house? Really, I have no patience with him. She was so set on his being her first guest, and now he insists on going away the very day she comes. I do not think it is at all kind of him."

"Grace, Grace!" cried her aunt angrily, "are you quite heartless? Don't you know that Mr. Macnamara would have left this country long ago, only for you? He has stayed here at his risk to bring you and your mother together, and now you do not care a penny whether he gets safe away."

"Aunt Mary," answered the girl reproachfully, "you know I am not heartless and not ungrateful. Only, it all seems impossible. Mr. Macnamara has stayed so long; why can't he stay a day or two longer? And now my mother is coming, and the very first thing that happens will be something to vex her. I declare, if my mother tries to make him stay when he comes, I will too."

Mary's face grew angry as she answered. "Grace, once for all, I forbid you to do anything of the sort. And you must remember that these are serious matters, and that your mother knows nothing of the danger he is in."

"Oh, what nonsense all this talk of danger is," answered the girl. "Why, everybody here thinks the Americans are quite right. Colonel Hamilton told me himself that if he had been an American, he would have been fighting against the English."

"Sir Garrett Lambert is a very good Tory," said Mary significantly, "and he is no friend to us."

She did not tell the girl the true cause of her anxiety—a note from Martin which warned her that Lambert, having found out that the visitor at Castle Carrig had been the instrument to thwart him, was leaving no stone unturned to verify the rumour already spread that Macnamara was the emissary of some foreign power.

At the mention of a name which she detested, Grace had flushed. "Oh," she cried, "Aunt Mary, don't let us talk of hateful things. Don't spoil my day for me. This abominable rain is bad enough. Tell me truly—I'm not a fright? Will she think me a guy?"

Mary looked with a touch of resentment at the slim, tall young figure in its plain robe of sprigged muslin. "If she wants you in the fashion, my dear, she must put you in it herself," she said, with a little rising of jealousy. "But I think you look very nice. You may pat in those untidy curls of yours a little closer. Isabella always liked things tidy."

The girl ran over towards the big glass let into the wall between the windows, but as she did so she caught sight of what stopped her. "Oh, aunt, here's little Paddy running. She must be coming." And she dashed out into the hall to meet the barefoot gossoon who rushed up open-mouthed.

"Please, miss, there's a big coach and four horses in her just coming up to the turn; and a man in a powdered wig sitting up on the box."

And three minutes later the big coach, muddled up to the axles from every "bad step" on the road, and slowly dragged by four steaming beasts, turned into the avenue; the

driver, Irish fashion, keeping "the trot for the town," flogged his horses into a rattling pace, and so, with much clatter of hoofs, clanking of harness, and groaning of springs, drew up at the front of the house.

From the door thrown open by the footman emerged a tall solidly-built lady, her hair in powder, her stiff silks spread out in hoops, laces fluttering about her neck, and in her arms a spaniel, followed by her maid carrying cushions and wraps. Mary in her plain-made dress of homespun looked small and girlish by contrast as she came down the steps to greet the newcomer. "Welcome home, Isabella," she said.

Isabella carefully deposited the spaniel on the top step, and found the shelter of the porch before she kissed her sister. "Well, Mary," she said; "how you have kept your figure, to be sure!" And then she looked to the girl who hung timidly a pace or two within the hall. "And so this is Grace. Come here, my dear."

Swaying with excitement the girl advanced, as her mother held out her arms, then threw herself with a passion of emotion into the embrace. Isabella hugged her daughter with a curious awkwardness, almost roughly; she was unused to demonstration, and yet felt for the moment a kind of spasm of tenderness. Then she put the girl from her, and scanned her at arm's length. Grace's countenance was all discomposed, her eyes red and swollen. "There, there, don't cry," she said. "You will make yourself a fright, and spoil that pretty complexion. But oh, my dear, what freckles! Mary, does the child never use a wash?"

"Never mind her freckles now," said Mary, laughing in spite of her chagrin. "Come in, Isabella, you must be worn out with the journey."

"You may say so, indeed. Such

roads! I was terrified out of my life again and again. Where is Fido! Come, Fido, and find a comfortable chair. And so this is the drawing-room. Lord, what an old-fashioned place! And how it smells of turf."

"Grace, child," said Mary, "come and help your mother off with her things."

With trembling fingers the young girl helped to untie mantle strings. As she stooped to remove the overshoes, her mother laid a hand on her head. "Wonderful hair, my dear. And the colour matters nothing now that we powder. You must come up and help my maid to put out my things. I have brought all sorts of stuffs, and Jane is good at making them up. Would you like that? Eh! Has the child no tongue! Come, Grace, we must get to know each other, and let bygones be bygones."

Grace caught her mother's hands in both of hers as she knelt. "I have wanted that so long and so much," she said. "It hardly seems real yet."

The vibration in her voice struck a chill to Mary's heart, and a look of pain crossed her face. The contrast between it and Isabella's light trivial phrases was too keen. But Isabella was touched by it, and in a movement of expansion she caught the girl's face in her hands and kissed her.

"Come up with me and show me my room, child," she said. "So you have wanted your mother?"

The pair rose to go, Grace loaded with her mother's wraps and reticules. Mary stood watching them, with a new sense of loneliness. But before they had reached the door, Isabella turned and surveyed the apartment. "This seems a very tolerable sort of room," she said; "or at least it may be made so. But the furniture! Still, what can any one expect here? And by the way, Mary, where is Mr.

Macnamara, and when are we to expect him?"

"He is at Carrig with Hugh," said Mary. "They will be here this afternoon. He thought that you would rather he was not here when you arrived, but he will come over in the afternoon."

"Now that is what I call a considerate man," said Isabella. "He knows that everybody looks a fright when they come off a journey, and he means to give us time to get ready. Come, Grace."

"Oh, my poor Grace," thought Mary to herself, for she read a look of bewilderment in the girl's eyes. "You were grateful to him too, because he was going to let you have your mother all to yourself when she came." She said aloud, "They may be here any moment now, Isabella, for you were delayed on the road. Dinner should be at four, and it is now half-past three o'clock."

Yet she had looked out of the window for nearly half an hour before the two riders appeared on the drive. She saw them come to the door and dismount. In another moment "Mr. Macnamara" was solemnly announced.

John Maxwell came in, and as the door closed behind the servant, his face took on its habitual air of self-mockery. He looked round the room with eyes critically half-closed.

"What do you think of the taste of the person who furnished this room, Mary? It seems to me—shall I say immature? Superannuated—like an old passion. Passion rhymes to fashion, Mary, did you ever think of that?"

"Ah stop, Jack," said Mary, "it is not kind."

"I beg your pardon, Mary," he answered. "But I am not feeling happy, and then, you know, I laugh."

"Yes, Jack," she retorted. "And

what of me? Do you think I am feeling happy?"

He shook his head and shrugged his shoulders. "Well! How did it go off?"

"I don't know. Grace was in a kind of dream, and when she heard Isabella talking about freckles and washes, and dresses, she looked dazed, that was all. But Isabella was greatly pleased. They are up-stairs now—looking at Isabella's wardrobe."

"Mary, Mary," he said, answering her intonation rather than her words, "who has the bitter tongue now?"

"I can't help it," she cried. "Why did you do it, Jack? Why is the girl to be taken away from me to be made a fine lady of? If she went with you, it would be different."

"There is no use in talking of that," said Maxwell harshly. "It must be goodbye to-morrow or next day."

A look of dismay came into the woman's face. "Jack," she cried, "you can't think of staying."

"Not here," he answered. "No fear of that. But somewhere—anywhere—I must see Grace alone and tell her whose child she is. And to-day it can't be done; you must see it can't. Besides, Mary, it means a day more—and what is the risk?"

"For heaven's sake, Jack," she urged, "remember what Martin said."

"Hush," he said, "I hear them coming. Yes, I know; that is all right."

The door opened, and Isabella entered in all her splendour, Grace by her side. Maxwell's eye sought the young girl's face and found it radiant.

He advanced, took Isabella's hand and stooped over it. "You are most welcome to Castle Hayes, Mr. Macnamara," said Isabella.

The words had a strange echo in his mind now, and he could not but look towards Mary as he answered. "Madam, I am glad indeed to have

your welcome here. And I begin by excusing myself. In my eagerness to greet you, and to hear of you from your sister, I have stayed here in this muddy costume"—he indicated his splashed boots. "By your leave now, I will go and make myself more presentable, as soon as Grace has told me that she is happy."

"Oh, Mr. Macnamara," cried the girl, running across to him from where she stood with Mary, "I am so happy. And look what my mother has given me."

She held up her hand on which shone a small diamond ring. Maxwell was at no loss to recognise it. It was that with which Isabella had been married—his mother's ring. "The last of my jewels," said Isabella pathetically, in an aside to Macnamara. "The rest have gone—you know how."

"It looks well there," he said, taking the little hand and kissing it, while the girl flushed with pleasure.

"She has a fine hand, Mr. Macnamara, has she not—like your own?" said Isabella, with a gracious smile.

Maxwell started and reddened; Mary checked an exclamation. But at that instant the door was flung open and Hugh came hastily in.

"This is my boy, Isabella," said Mary quickly, glad of the interruption. "Come, Hugh, and be presented to your aunt."

He bowed hurriedly. "Forgive me for a moment, Aunt Isabel," he said. Then going to his mother, he spoke to her in an agitated whisper. "A boy has just come galloping in with this"—and he handed her a note—"from Letterward, by the short cut. He won't tell who sent him, but he was bid to say it was a matter of life and death. It must mean—" and Hugh pointed to Macnamara.

Mary had turned pale. She tore the note open. Isabella, much puzzled,

looked from one to the other. "How very extraordinary!" she said. "What can be the meaning of this hurry?"

But Mary cut her short. "Hugh," she said, "bring round your horse and Mr. Macnamara's without a moment's delay." Then turning to Maxwell she gave him the note. "You must go," she said.

He glanced at it, and instantly recognised Martin's hand.

Sir Garrett Lambert has just ridden into this town with a squad of men. They are changing horses here to ride to Castle Hayes and Carrig.

Crumpling it into a ball, he flung it into the fire, and nodded to Mary. His face had lost all expression, his eyes were dull. Then, turning, he said to Isabella, "Madam, I regret exceedingly what I have to say, but plain words are best. There is a pursuit out after me and I must leave you at once. Your sister will explain."

Isabella was stupefied for a moment. "But, sir," she gasped, "this is monstrous. Who and what are you that you should have to fly?"

"I am an officer in the American army, if you must know, madam."

Isabella grew suddenly red and angry. "Then, sir, you have grossly abused me. No rebel should have entered my house with my knowledge."

"Isabella," said Mary, "this is no time for reproaches. Bid him good-bye, Grace; he has been a good friend to you anyway."

But the girl stood white, disconsolate, and bewildered, listening to her mother's angry words, with ears that refused to comprehend. Her father came to her, and took her hands.

"Goodbye, my dear," he said, and he looked hard into her eyes. Horse-hoofs sounded outside; Hugh was at the door.

"Quick," said Mary. "Kiss him, Grace; you owe him everything."

Half dazed by the rush of emotions, the girl put up her face. Her father moved to clasp her to him, then checked himself. Bending over her, he pressed his lips to her forehead, and releasing her hands strode quickly to the door—Mary and Grace following, while Isabella stood in the room, a picture of fierce indignation.

Maxwell swung himself on to his horse. Then, seeing Hugh mounted also, he shook his head. "Hugh, there is no use in your coming. I know my way. Go back."

"Don't mind him, Hugh," said Mary imperiously. "See him safe; or, if he is taken, rouse the country. Don't let me see you if they bring him back a prisoner. Jack, I insist. You are my guest, and my son answers for you. Go now, for God's sake, and leave all to me here."

Maxwell stooped from his saddle to kiss the hand she held out to him. "Maybe it is better so, Mary," he said. "Good-bye, my dearest friend."

And he touched the horse with his spurs.

#### CHAPTER XXXI.

"My mother will keep them for half an hour anyway," cried Hugh, as they swept out on to the road.

"Your mother is the best woman in this county, or any other," answered Maxwell shortly. His heart was full. The need for action quickened his blood, helped him to put thought away. He had before him the dazed white face of his daughter, whom he was driven to leave thus without a word; but still Mary's assurance, "Leave all to me," rang hopefully in his ears. He drew in a deep breath, as the swift rush through the air began to excite him, and his face

took on something of the glee that lighted Hugh's, the glee of a spirited lad on his first adventure.

"Wasn't Aunt Isabel flustered?" the boy laughed, and his laugh was infectious, though strange chords stirred in Maxwell's mind to his light word.

"Poor soul, no wonder," he thought. "She will think she did well to stay away from such a country."—"At least we owe it to her not to be caught, Hugh," he said.

"No fear for that," answered the boy, "with this start. Aren't we rather killing the horses though?"

"We can slack when we are over this first hill," said Maxwell, bending forward to pat the neck of his galloping hunter. And the hoofs sped on.

Castle Hayes lay at a dip in the road, which rose as you went to Letterward, and rose as you went to Kilcolumb. And this latter stretch, on which the fugitives rode, lay through bare moor. They were galloping up a sharp incline when Maxwell suddenly pulled his horse to a trot, and called to Hugh to do the same.

The boy looked back, and against the skyline behind him saw a group of riders, and his heart leaped. "They've sighted us," he said.

"If they don't see us galloping," Maxwell answered, "they may not come on straight. But see—ten of them. If they have a grain of sense they will send a party to the house, while the rest follow. Yes, by heaven, there they come!" as he saw the troop behind break into a gallop. "Spurs, Hugh! We have a long half-mile of start. Were the horses watered?"

Hugh's face fell, and he nodded.

"That's bad," said Maxwell. Then he fell into a reckoning of chances as they galloped side by side in silence. Two miles to Kilcolumb, he counted; two more of level with



a slight rise to the foot of Slieve Alt; then the long drag up, and a pelt downhill of three miles more to Castle Carrig and Neddy's curragh.

"What time does the tide turn?" he called to Hugh, as they clattered down the sharp incline to the bridge at Kilcolumb at a fox-hunting pace.

"Between four and half-past," Hugh answered.

Maxwell drew out his watch. "It's that now. The curragh will easily get down the channel by the time we want it."

Hugh felt a sudden sinking at the heart. He answered, "Neddy asked if he could take out the curragh to set lobster-pots. He might only come back on the flood. You see," he stammered, "we were not to be back till night."

Maxwell's face fell. The curragh, the only one on that shore, was his strategic line of retreat. "I ought to have locked the oars up," he commented briefly. "No matter; the heather's breast-high on Slieve Alt, if we come to that."

Hugh bit his lip. It seemed too bad for words. On and on they raced through the grey rain, their beasts smoking in the moist August air. Now they were at the foot of the hill, they were rising on the slope, and looking back they could see the chase, horseman by horseman, streaming along the road. But their own horses laboured heavily, the water working in their bellies.

"It is well for me you came, Hugh," said Maxwell, who noticed the boy's despondency over his error. "A second mount may be the making of me yet."

The road curved to the left, hiding them from sight of the chase, and grew steeper; they slackened to a scrambling trot, and Maxwell slipped down. "Jump," he said.

And together, with the speed of

mountaineers, they ran, leading their beasts. "If we are a quarter of a mile before them at the top we shall be a mile in front at the bottom," Maxwell said, his breath coming quick. "Hurry, Hugh." And they ran till their sides heaved like the horses', and through the rain and cloud they began to hear the pursuit, as the loose stones rattled under the scuffling hoofs.

"Up now," said Maxwell, as they neared the top, and he flung himself into the saddle without checking the horse. Hugh, less skilful, lost a moment, and looking back as he reached the top saw the foremost riders not three hundred yards behind. At a glance he recognised Lambert in front. But now his brown pony, light and sure of foot, freshened by the rest, and with its head for home, burst into a wild gallop through the gap, and down the slope where Maxwell on his bay was already tearing headlong. Rattling, clattering, with stones flying on the ill-made track, they raced at a break-neck pace, Hugh exultant, jubilant in the risk, wild to retrieve his error. Below them lay the bay, great stretches of sand still bare, but with the film of grey tide steadily spreading. At the turn by the tarn Hugh was close on Maxwell's heels, and he noticed that the other horse, less hardy than his pony, plunged forward in his stride, keeping the lead by sheer momentum. And then Maxwell, leaning back in his saddle, shouted and pointed to a black spot on the water far off by the Douros shore. It was Neddy with the curragh. The case was desperate, it seemed. Hugh drew abreast now as the slope smoothed off somewhat, and looking back he saw their pursuers already through the gap.

"Your horse can't last," he gasped. "Won't you take the pony! And I

and the boys in Glen down here can surely stop them for a while." The lad's eyes gleamed, lit with the prospect of a fight, mad to redeem his fault in letting the boat be wanting. It dashed him somewhat to see the cool confident smile in Maxwell's face.

"We aren't come to that yet," he said. "Is there likely to be any one of these fellows who knows this bay well?"

"Lambert is with them," the boy said; "and, please God, I'll kill him."

Maxwell's lips closed tight, and for a moment his hand went to his holster. Then came a change of countenance. "Are your pistols charged?" he asked. Hugh nodded. "Very well, give them to me. At once, please! Now listen," as Hugh sulkily reached to his holster; "there will be no fighting this day. But you are going to save my life all the same, my friend Hugh. Let me tell you, it is a special stroke of Providence that the curragh is out."

Then as they galloped, in short jerky sentences, punctuated by the labouring breath of the horses and the beat of their hoofs, Maxwell unfolded his scheme.

"Magnificent!" shouted the boy, his face clearing. "Yes, of course it's possible; I crossed the other day at half-flood and only had to swim quite a little way. Lambert would never guess; he'd think of nothing but quicksands. But how did you know about the ford?"

A queer look crossed Maxwell's face. "Oh," he said, "I've studied this bay pretty thoroughly."

As they dashed through the little huddle of houses at the foot of the hill, Hugh shouted a few words in Irish to the little crowd that had gathered to see this wild race, and he was answered with a yell and a scattering.

Maxwell looked at his exultation with mingled amusement and pleasure. "You won't need your clansmen, Hugh; still, it will do no harm," he said, as they swung to the left and up the rise over the river that divided them from Lanan bridge.

The pursuers, half-a-dozen of them, were now all full in sight spread over some furlongs of the mountain road above them. Hugh rose in his stirrups and waved his hat in wild excitement, shouting at them in all his tongues: "Beaten! *Flambés! Fichus!*" and ending with the old war-cry of Tirconnell, "O'Donnell aboo!"

Even Maxwell's heavy beast took a new life into its stride as they pelted over the brow of the hill and down the drop to Lanan bridge. They dashed across, and up the slope to where the plantation hid them from the pursuers; then quickly the men alighted.

"Your hat, Hugh! Here, take my cloak."

And in an instant they had changed garments and mounted each other's horses, so that the blue cloak still rode on the bay hunter, and it needed sharp eyes indeed to detect at half a mile that another now wore the cloak. They were up and away again, galloping along the half-mile of the road that led to the turn for Castle Carrig. A hundred yards short of it Maxwell pulled up.

"It's probably a waste of precautions, but I will cover my trail. Good-bye, Hugh, my lad, I'd have been in a bad way without you."

He caught the boy's hand in his. "Good-bye! tell your mother and Grace—" Then he broke off short. "Don't give her up till she gives you up, boy," he said; and with that he leaped the pony over the fence and trotted across the field. Hugh saw him splash over the little creek and

pass out of sight behind the trees near the Castle.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

Now Hugh was alone, left to draw the pursuit. It came only too easy to obey his instructions and seem to press a beaten horse. The bay was unwilling to pass the turning which was the recognised end of his journeys, and Hugh flogged and spurred him hard before he could get him to the limit where the road, leading past the turn for Carrig and heading for the base of Slievemor, disappeared from view. He was still some furlongs from this point when, looking back, he saw Lambert with the first two troopers appear on the road, a bare quarter of a mile behind. At sight of him they raised a shout. Hugh drove the spurs in deep and vanished round the corner. For more than two miles now he knew that the ridge of land on which Carrig stood screened this road from all view of Douros Water, in which Maxwell should be now knee-deep, picking his way to the channel and so to the Douros shore. Heavily the horse lumbered along with him, pitching in the gallop, but quickening as it heard the hoofs behind. It was a tortuous road now, and Hugh pressed on stubbornly, crouching forward lest he should be recognised. Half a mile he covered, and still the bay galloped; Maxwell should be nearly across by now. Still sweating and labouring, the beast's fatigue communicating itself to him, he thrashed along, the hoof-beats behind him closer and closer. He dared not look behind. Now they were within a hundred yards, and at every stride closing up. Then a pistol cracked and something sung past him. Hugh bent lower and drove the spurs deeper, as he rounded another corner

behind a screen of hazels. But now full in front of him came a sudden sharp rise in the road, a short abrupt hill, and his beast, facing at it, flagged, and dropped out of the gallop suddenly into a mere crawl. Hugh turned in his saddle quickly to confront the two troopers who came galloping in upon him.

"I surrender," he said, holding up his hand.

"Shoot him if he resists," cried a voice from behind; "tie his hands."

Hugh wheeled his jaded horse. "You need not be afraid, Sir Garrett," he said; "I have given my pistols to Mr. Macnamara."

"Damnation," screamed the man, "this is the wrong one! Where is Macnamara, you young cub? Speak, or I'll blow your brains out!"

"You need not be rude, Sir Garrett," said Hugh, with all the coolness he could muster. He had won his game, he felt. By this time Maxwell should be safe on the Douros shore, safe in five square miles of rough wood. So far the scheme was executed, but this was only the beginning.

"Damn you, you whelp!" snarled Lambert, drawing a pistol.

"Easy now, Sir Gairrett," said the sergeant, a farmer from the Strabane side who had come up with the rest of the six, "I hae nae authority to kill this boy. Still, ah'm thinking we maun gar him speak. Where's yon man now, young fellow? You and him changed horses, I'll hold you."

"We did," said Hugh; "you're a grand reasoner. And he rode on." And Hugh pointed along the Slievemor road.

Two or three of the men touched their horses to start, but the sergeant checked them. "Hold, on boys. See is there any track of a horse galloping beyont there?"

"Fien' a track," reported one.

"Ye're a smart lad," said the sergeant to Hugh grimly; "but ye be to tell us the truth now, or, by my conscience, this'll be a bad day's work for ye! Where did he go?"

Hugh did his best to look sullen. "To Castle Carrig, if you must know."

Again Lambert swore savagely. "And he will be away in the boat," he snarled. "You, sir! you shall pay for this!"

"Ride across thon planting to the shore, Tam," said the sergeant, "and see would you see e'er a boat on the lough; he canna be far gone yet."

The knot of men sat waiting while their horses, with outstretched necks, reeked and panted in the grey rain, Garrett Lambert glaring savagely at Hugh, who paid back his glare with a laugh of contempt.

"Well, Tam!" said the sergeant, as the messenger came riding back through the strip of wood.

"Divil a boat is there in it!"

"I was just thinking that. They tell me in Letterward, Sir Gairrett, that thon old castle was as full of hiding-holes as a rabbit warren. We maun ferret him out, and this young gentleman will just be to help us. Oh, ye needna hurry now!"

But in spite of him the men set out at a gallop back to the turn for the ford, Lambert heading them. The sergeant, more leisurely, brought up the rear with his hand on Hugh's bridle.

They forded the little creek, and dashed up the bridle-path. As Hugh and the sergeant entered the castle-yard a whoop made the boy shiver for a moment. "We hae him now, sergeant; the pony's in the stable."

"He'll have thought to take boat and failed to find one," commented Lambert, rubbing his hands. "Now, men, leave a guard to see he doesn't

slip out some back way, and then to work with you."

The sergeant posted two of his men on the courtyard wall in such a way as to command all access or egress by land, and then he came to the entrance. Not a soul was to be seen; only the startled hens and ducks ran about cackling and quacking, as a trooper beat upon the door.

"We be to break her in," the sergeant said; and fetching a large piece of timber which lay in the yard, they burst the door that led into Kate's kitchen.

There were the traces of Kate and of her occupations—potatoes in a pot, a kettle singing—but no inhabitant except a cat and kittens. And the door leading up-stairs to the living rooms in this wing of the Castle was also conscientiously locked. Here again the timber came into play.

"Sir Garrett," said Hugh, for Lambert was forward in the task, "it is only right I should warn you that Mr. Macnamara has four pistols at least, and probably his fowling-piece as well." Sir Garrett desisted from his efforts and urged on the men from a distance.

"Ah'm thinking," said the sergeant, as he wiped his brow, "this will be a long job. Man, if we had a barrel of powder with us! Young man, it will be better for you to tell us the way at once."

"You are in the dwelling apartments now," said Hugh, "and I may observe that Sir Garrett is familiar with them. From these you pass by a staircase into the round tower. There is one door leading into it and another leading out of it into the square tower, in which there are several stories and several doors. You can count them as you come to them," he added simply.

The sergeant laughed grimly, for he was a man of humour; but Lambert

raged. "Fire the damned rat-trap," he said.

The sergeant scratched his head. "Ah'm thinking that would be a wee thing too much, Sir Gairrett, and maybe the lady that owns it would be asking some of us to pay. And besides," he said, pointing out to the tower, "will ye look at thon walls! It would take a big bleeze to hurt them, mind you. We'll just go canny, and blow the locks out wi' fuses where we canna break through."

Half an hour's battering—while Hugh gleefully counted the minutes—brought them into the square tower, but only into the lowest of its five stories. And here Hugh laughed as he saw the sergeant approach and tentatively swing an axe that he had unearthed against the obstacle.

"She's oak," the man said in great disgust.

"Iron-clasped," Hugh added.

"Man," said the sergeant, "we'd be the better of a drink."

"I wouldn't grudge it you," said Hugh loftily. "There's a jar of whisky in the kitchen." But again Lambert interposed fiercely.

"Sergeant, I forbid this. He wants to make your men drunk. Come, no more of this. We're in the tower now. Fetch a pile of straw in here, and we'll smoke out whoever is in it."

But at that moment a clamour arose outside, and one of the two troopers left on guard burst in, wild-eyed. "The country's up on us, Sir Garrett. There's fifty of them out in the yard there, and Tom is keeping them back with his gun. Come out, sir, and speak to them."

Hugh's heart rose high. But Lambert's face turned white. He knew what a mob of these mountain-men might do if their blood was up, and he knew himself unpopular with them. "Go out, sergeant," he said nervously, "and tell them you will fire on them."

"Faith, then," said the sergeant contemptuously, "if I go, sir, you be to come with me."

"It's this young gentleman they're asking for," said the trooper. "Master Hugh, as they call him."

"Follow me, sergeant," said Hugh abruptly, taking the command. "And you may bring Sir Garrett. I answer for it he will be safe."

"Keep a pistol at his head," said Lambert in a low tone.

Hugh overheard. "Be careful, sergeant. If that pistol went off, neither you nor Sir Garrett would see home."

And erect, his head high, the young chieftain marched out to his clansmen, followed by the sergeant, downcast and puzzled, and by Sir Garrett's blotched and angry face.

*(To be continued.)*

## WRECKAGE OF EMPIRE.

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep  
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and  
drank deep :

And Bahrám, that great Hunter—the  
Wild Ass  
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break  
his Sleep.

WHEN, in October last, the gentlemen of England read in their morning newspapers that M. Delcassé and the Siamese Special Commissioner, Phya Sri Sahadheb, had been putting their heads together in Paris, and had evolved a convention restoring to Siam the provinces of Batambang and Siam-Reap and ceding to France the shores of the great lake of Tonle-Sap, to how many among them, I wonder, did these names convey anything in the nature of a definite impression? An examination of the map sufficed to convince the curious that such places had an actual existence, packed away somewhere at the back of beyond in the vast *Hinterland* of Indo-China,—that they were not mere geographical Mrs. Harrises—and with this rudimentary information, I conceive, the majority of English readers remained perfectly contented. Not one in ten thousand, it is probable, experienced the faintest thrill at the sound of these outlandish names. Yet the districts for which they stand, wrested once by Siam from the tottering Kingdom of Kamboja, from the Siamese by the French, and now to be restored again to Siam by Kamboja's European conquerors, or "protectors," have a power to fire the imagination, to stir the pulses of the most sluggish, such as is possessed in equal degree by few lands even in

Asia, the mother of mystery and of marvel, the owner of the longest and least amply recorded of human histories.

Ascending the valley of the Mekong, for a matter of a hundred and seventy miles from the sea, the traveller comes presently to the town of Pnom-Penh. It is situated near the spot where the branch of the great lake mingles its waters with those of the river, and where the huge delta has its beginning. It was formerly a mere huddle of thatched houses and hovels, but since the French protectorate over Kamboja was declared in 1863, many changes have been wrought. The church, and the *café chantant* facing it, which, according to the popular saying on the outskirts, are the first traces of French civilisation in a conquered land, have here been succeeded by trim quays, rows of glaring white buildings, wide streets straight as so many dyes, little tables set under the shade of awnings, flag-poles flaunting the tricolor, and all the other paraphernalia indispensable to a colony of France. Among these things there move restlessly the representatives of that ubiquitous *Administration* whose feverish desire to "administer" everyone and everything makes life in Indo-China well-nigh unendurable, and clogs the wheels of progress and prosperity.

All this is, as it were, the veneering imposed by the requirements of French civilisation upon the surface of the native town. Lift it and peer below, as you may easily do by quitting the ordered foreign quarter, and penetrating into the crowded rabbit-



warrens wherein dwell the larger half of the forty-five thousand men and women who make up the native population of Pnom-Penh. Here may be seen the real Kamboja, such as it is in our own day, its people a spent and indolent folk, unambitious of better things, content with themselves, scornfully contemptuous of the foreigners, and filled with a fanatical detestation of alien religions such as is but rarely entertained by the votaries of Buddhism. France has given to them a freedom from oppression which they never formerly enjoyed, but they are not in the least grateful. The present to them is a degradation, let its conditions be what they may; to them the future is hopeless, for they have within them a consciousness of no power of recovery or rebound. Only the past remains—the great past, its story half lost in the mazes of fable and tradition, which yet has left the echo of a memory so tremendous that by comparison all things else are dwarfed and pitifully feeble.

Leave Pnom-Penh behind you, with its contrasts of new alien birth and pathetic indigenous decay, and pass up into the great lake of Tonle-Sap. The waters of this inland sea are of an extent so vast that the shore may be completely lost to sight, but so often as it is recovered it is found always clothed in one immense tangle of forest—such forest as only the hot, moist tropic soil can produce—out of which, here and there, is nicked the space for a mean fishing-hamlet. None the less, many of the people are Kambojans; there is no mistaking the fine straight features, so distinctively Hindu in type, which offer a contrast so startling to the flat noses, the narrow eyes, and the broad, expressionless, Mongolian faces of their neighbours of Annam, of China and of Siam. Yet these men herd

together in rickety huts, living in dirt, in poverty and in squalor, forgetful of the vanished greatness of their race, and possessing a civilisation every whit as debased as that of the peasantry of any of these lands of south-eastern Asia.

And a realisation of what that greatness must have been breaks upon you suddenly, for landing at the northern extremity of the lake, and following the narrow foot-path, or forcing your way through the clustering underwood, you find yourself abruptly, without a moment's preparation, brought face to face with the Titanic ruins of a once mighty empire. On the one hand is the huge town of Angkor Thôm, enclosed by a wall over twenty feet in height and half as many feet in thickness, covering an area of twenty-four square miles, crowded with palaces, pagodas, treasure-houses, noble halls and spacious dwellings, yet shrouded within and without by forest so dense that a vast building is often invisible at a distance of twenty feet! On the other hand Angkor Wat, the magnificent ruined Buddhist temple, rears its domes high above the tree-tops, its base measuring over three miles about within the deep fosses, a temple so impressive that Mouhot, the first European to describe it in detail, wrote of it that, "a rival to that of Solomon, and erected by some ancient Michael Angelo, it might take an honourable place beside our most beautiful buildings, and is grander than anything left to us by Greece or Rome!" Between Angkor Thôm and Angkor Wat is the pagoda of Mount Bakhêng, the oldest, most dilapidated and least perfectly fashioned of the ruins, and beyond the mean thatched houses of the modern town of Siam-Reap, dominated by its erstwhile Siamese fort, is yet another pagoda, perched on the summit of a solitary hill and hidden by a

dense grove—the temple of Mount Krôm.

The gigantic size of these ruins alone suffices to impress the imagination, but the wealth and wonderful detail of their ornamentation is even more striking. They are fashioned for the most part of immense rectangular blocks of sandstone or ferruginous rock, brought from quarries distant some five-and-twenty miles, and these are fitted together with so nice an accuracy that the joins between block and block are as straight as though they had been ruled. No cement or mortar was used, and upon the precise fitting of each separate fragment depended the soundness of the edifices which have so triumphantly resisted the ravages of time. Almost every block is curiously carved, is covered with bas-reliefs executed with delicacy and finish, representing processions of warriors mounted on lions, dragons, birds and fabulous monsters, kings with their wives and women, combats between the apes and the angels, soldiers armed with bows and halberds and sabres and javelins, mothers at play with their little ones, and hundreds of scenes historical, legendary or domestic. Inscriptions too are found, some in an archaic character which is unknown even to the Buddhist monks who in Kamboja represent the learned and lettered class, some in a writing of more modern type which nearly resembles the script in use among the Kambojans of to-day. The latter consist only of prayers, invocations and religious formulae, of no historical or archaeological interest: the former are still a sealed book, though some which are believed to have been interpreted with accuracy indicate that one or more of the less ancient of the Khmer buildings date from the second century of our era. A detailed description of the ruins of Angkor (and similar

ruins, though on a somewhat less grandiose scale, are found scattered through the province of Batambang, through most of Kamboja, and in many parts of Laos) would fill a goodly volume, and nothing of the kind can be attempted here. All that is desired is to give to the reader some general idea of the vastness of the buildings, of the magnificence of their architectural conception, and the dignity, the delicacy and the finished art with which that conception was executed. This has perhaps been already achieved, and I will not insist further upon the labyrinth of galleries, the countless flights of stairways, the arches, the domes, the bridges, the statues of kings and gods and demons and monsters, the immense Causeway of the Giants which leads to the main gate of Angkor Thôm, nor yet upon the paralysing shock of wonder which the discovery of these tremendous monuments conveys to one who lights upon them, deserted, almost forgotten, in the heart of the wilderness, "here at the quiet limits of the world." My object is to speculate, not upon the ruins, but upon the hidden story which they veil, not upon Angkor as it is, but upon Angkor as it was, and upon the events which led to its abandonment to the forest and to the wild things of the jungle.

The existence of these ruins was first made known to Europeans by Christoval de Jaque whose book, published in 1606, gives an account of his travels in Indo-China between 1592 and 1598. He calls the place Anjog, states that it was discovered by the Portuguese in 1570, gives a recognisable description of many of its most salient features, and mentions the important fact that the inscriptions could not be deciphered even at that period by the natives of the country. In 1611, Ribadeneyra

writes in his history of the Islands of the Archipelago: "There are in Cambodia the ruins of an ancient city, which some say was constructed by the Romans or by Alexander the Great. It is a marvellous fact that none of the natives can live in these ruins which are the resort of wild beasts." In spite of the naïve European tendency here revealed to attribute everything great to the white civilisations of ancient times, this passage contains two interesting statements—that the Kambojans believed in the "marvellous fact" that they could not live in Angkor, and that even at the time of its discovery by the Portuguese the place was given over to the forest and to the beasts of the wilderness. Since that day the notices contained in the works of travellers of the great Khmer ruins are numerous, but with them we need not now concern ourselves. The ruins were ruins, just as they are to-day, in the year 1570, and that in our present enquiry is a fact of cardinal importance.

As good fortune will have it, there is extant an account of the capital of Kamboja, as it was before its abandonment, written by an independent witness from which much is to be learned. This is contained in a work from the pen of an anonymous Chinese diplomat who in 1295—the year that Marco Polo arrived in Venice after spending more than a decade and a half in Cathay—received instructions from Kublai Kaan to proceed to Kamboja there to promulgate certain orders of the great emperor. He started, he tells us, in the following year, travelling by the sea-route, was delayed by contrary winds after he arrived off the coast of CochinChina, and did not reach the capital of the Khmer king until the fifth month following his departure from the Chinese port of Wen-Chu. He re-

turned to his own country in 1297. A full translation of the text of his work may be found by those curious in such matters in M. Abel-Rémusat's *NOUVEAUX MÉLANGES ASIATIQUES*, but for our own purpose only a few of the facts which it contains need here be noted. A *li*, as all who have read that admirable book *CHINESE CHARACTERISTICS* are aware, is a measure of space which possesses very elastic properties, no two districts or even villages, hardly, one might say, any two Chinamen, agreeing as to the length of the unit, and the distance between two points along one and the same road being counted as so many *li* when the traveller is descending a slope, and so many additional *li* when he retraces his footsteps with the gradient against him. In these circumstances, therefore, nothing in the nature of a very accurate notion of the size of the Kambojan capital is to be gathered from the fact that the Chinese ambassador begins by stating that it measures twenty *li* in circumference, but we may conclude that he intended to convey the impression that it covered a considerable area. The gates of the town, their number and position, he describes with more exactness, and he makes special mention of the great Causeway of the Giants which, as we have already seen, leads to the principal portal of the city of Angkor. "On each side of the bridge," he writes, "there are fifty-four stone statues representing divinities; they are very great: they resemble," he beautifully adds, "statues of general officers, and they have threatening countenances." He also speaks of nine-headed dragons, the remains of which are such a peculiar feature of the Angkor statuary, and he relates the following curious myth concerning one of the towers of the royal palace.

E E 2

Several natives of distinguished rank have told me that formerly there used to be a fairy in that tower in the form of a dragon with nine heads, who was the protectress of the kingdom; that under the reign of each king of the country the fairy took every night the form of a woman, and sought the king in the tower; and, even though he were married, the queen his wife dared not intrude before a certain hour; but, at a signal of two strokes, the fairy vanished, and the king was then able to receive his queen and his other wives; if the fairy allowed a single night to pass without appearing, it was a sign that the death of the king was near at hand; if, on his side, the king failed to meet her, it was certain that a fire or some other calamity would occur.

A description of a pagoda without the walls, corresponding to that of Mount Bakhêng is also given in the Chinese manuscript, and it is therein recorded that the people of Kamboja had a tradition that it had been built by one Lu-pan in the space of a single night. As has already been remarked, the pagoda of Mount Bakhêng has all the appearances of being the most ancient of the ruins, the work being of a ruder, less finished character than that of the more recent buildings, which would seem to be the ripened fruit of the art of the Khmers, while Mount Bakhêng is a product of its immaturity. The prevalence of the superstition concerning its origin repeated by the Chinese author would seem to indicate that even in the thirteenth century the history of its foundation had been forgotten.

The manuscript goes on to describe two small lakes in the neighbourhood of the capital, where only one lake is now found, and that not altogether in the position indicated by the Chinese envoy, but a much more inexplicable fact is the omission of all reference to the great temple of Angkor Wat. No name is given by the author to the town which he is describing, and the fact that Angkor Wat is completely

ignored added to that that lakes are located where no lakes now exist, has caused some writers to jump to the conclusion that the city which was visited by the ambassador was some place other than Angkor Thôm. It is in truth impossible to account for the failure to make any mention of a structure so imposing as Angkor Wat, and it has been suggested that this, the least ancient of the ruins, had not been built at the time of the Chinaman's visit. The building itself, however, gives the lie to any such supposition, and the manuscript is silent on the subject of any great public works being in course of construction during his stay in Kamboja. On the other hand the account of the great walled town, of its gates, and above all, of the Causeway of the Giants, seems to me to point conclusively to the fact that Angkor Thôm itself is the Kambojan capital which this work describes, and we can only infer that the author failed to write of Angkor Wat, just as Marco Polo omitted all reference to the Great Wall of China although he had passed seventeen years of his life in far Cathay. That there are other and vast Khmer ruins scattered about Indo-China is well known, and all of them have now been visited by Europeans, but nowhere have remains been brought to light which fit the account given in the Chinese work as do the remains of Angkor Thôm, the greatest of the Kambojan cities.

The inscriptions, moreover, seem to support the contention that Angkor Wat must have been in existence long before the visit of the Chinese envoy, for on the walls of this temple both the ancient and the more modern script is found. In Asia every priesthood has inclined to the use of a peculiar language of religion, and one which was not generally understood of the people, whence it is probable

that the more archaic character was the script of such a tongue, and that the later inscriptions were carved at a period long subsequent when the ancient learning had passed into oblivion. If this were so, the presence of the ancient inscriptions on the stones of Angkor Wat, which, I would repeat, is the least ancient of the ruins, would show that even this temple was erected in very ancient times, and certainly long anterior to the thirteenth century of our era.

I have drawn attention to the fact that no mention is made in the Chinese manuscript of any great works being in progress at the time of its author's visit to Kamboja, nor, having regard to what we know of the history of the Khmers, should we expect that any such manifestation of energy was then apparent. Buildings on a scale such as this must have claimed the life-long services of thousands of men. They can only have been conceived by a race instinct with vitality, mental and physical, can only have been executed by a people obsessed by a passionate love of art for its own sake, who were able to expend upon their achievement infinite ingenuity, patience, skill, devotion and a vast amount of treasure. They must also have been a nation so strong that they had no fear of enemies, no rival whose invasions threatened them, and who thus were free to devote to their artistic creations all the energy which, in circumstances less fortunate, would have been required for conquest or for defence. Works such as these were never yet produced by a race whose king occupied the humble position of a mere vassal, yet we know that the kingdom of Kamboja was conquered by China about the beginning of our era, and was actually subject to her until the conclusion of the tenth cen-

tury, while up to a much later date a nominal suzerainty was admitted and sealed by the payment of a periodical tribute. It is only reasonable to conclude, therefore, that the Khmer civilisation reached its height, and Khmer art its culmination at a period prior to the subjection of the kingdom to the Chinese, and this would throw the date of the ruins of Angkor back to the first or second century B.C. at the very earliest.

Thenceforth, the energy which had made the creation of such gigantic monuments of art a possibility declined. Unsuccessful war and, it may be, the ravages of pestilence, must have caused the numbers of the Khmer nation to dwindle, for in our own day, after a long period of comparative peace, only 1,300,000 Kambojans who can claim descent from their great forefathers are found in Indo-China. The monuments themselves bear witness also to the decay of the people. The use of the more modern character in the later inscriptions would appear to indicate a decline in the ancient learning of the Khmers before all their skill and delight in art had deserted them, but the number of unfinished carvings and of buildings which have never quite reached completion is even more eloquent of decadence. This surely betokens that the plastic arts were becoming lost secrets before ever the ruins were abandoned; that what the men of one generation had begun the men of the generations which succeeded it were powerless to carry on; and also, it may be inferred, that such energy as still remained to the Khmer people was needed, every atom of it, for the maintenance of their national independence. Later came the age during which they were the vassals of China, and the once proud and mighty empire, thrust by circumstances into so pitiful a posi-



tion of dependence, would have but little heart for creation of an artistic character, and would live upon the memory of what had been without attempting to rival past achievements in the present, and without any spark of hope for the future.

This, I imagine, must have been the condition of the Khmer people when the Chinese envoy visited their capital at the end of the thirteenth century; but when Angkor was discovered by the Portuguese in 1570 the place, as we have already seen, was by then a ruin overgrown with jungle, the centre round which clustered a thousand inconsequent superstitions, the shrine in which a dead empire lay buried so securely that hardly a whisper concerning its story had filtered down to its own degenerate children. To the European, used only to the conditions of his own continent, it appears at first sight an obvious impossibility that if Angkor Thôm were an inhabited town in 1296, it could, in the space of less than two hundred years, have become, not only a wilderness, but also, as it were, a myth to which clung the veriest rags of reliable tradition. This view has impressed itself so strongly upon various writers, that they have been driven to explain away the great walled town described by the Chinese author, and to declare roundly that the Khmer civilisation could not conceivably have died out in this fashion in so paltry a period of time. But the Chinese manuscript is authentic, detailed, exact. It gives dates and facts which cannot be got over; it declines absolutely to be ignored. The truth seems to me to be established past all gainsaying that Angkor Thôm is the town described, and that that place was inhabited in 1296, and was a deserted ruin in 1570: nor to me, the East being what it is and orientals being what

they are, does this appear impossible, or even unlikely.

The citations which have been made from the works of early visitors to Angkor supply two hints which, perhaps, will serve to explain the whole mystery. Ribadeneyra noted in 1611 the "marvellous fact" that the natives could not live in the ruins, which would seem to indicate a superstitious belief that the ancient Khmer buildings were, for some unexplained reason, uninhabitable for human beings. The Chinese author speaks of lakes where no lakes now exist. From these two statements something like a working hypothesis may be evolved. Great physical changes wrought in the natural features of the surrounding landscape could only be caused by earthquakes, and the dilapidation of some of the buildings lends confirmation to this supposition; yet the earthquake-shocks, if earthquake-shocks there were, must have been slight, or at any rate insufficiently strong to overthrow utterly the solid walls and the domes of many of the pagodas. Imagine, then, a series of slight earthquake shocks, occurring at a period when the Khmer people, though still dwelling in the mighty city which their ancestors had erected, had declined from their former eminence, had lost the energy which they once possessed in such overflowing measure, had become decadents in their arts and culture, when, in a word, they had learned to regard themselves as a people doomed and ruined, and then try to conceive what effect these seismic convulsions would be like to have upon a sensitive, fearful and imaginative oriental race. To them the rockings of the solid ground would be the very voice of the gods—their irresistible Will become suddenly and awfully articulate. The Asiatic differs from the occidental in



nothing more radically than in his ability and avidity of belief, his power to grasp that belief, and to realise it as white men realise only the force of patent, indisputable fact. If once the conclusion, that the gods were determined that the great city should no longer harbour its inhabitants, had impressed itself upon the popular mind, no consideration of interest, no love of material property, no affection born of long association, no clinging to the flesh-pots, no reluctance to abandon things very precious and very sacred would serve to stay an exodus. The dried-up bed of a great lake which Francis Garnier discovered to the north of Angkor when he was travelling south from Ubon, is additional evidence supporting the theory of earthquake, and given this outward and visible sign of the anger of the gods, and an appreciation of the character of an oriental populace, we have a working explanation which may account for the abandonment by the Kambojans of all their ancient cities.

Imagine a people, already far gone in its decline, driven forth into the wilderness by the inexplicable caprice of the gods, lacking the numbers, the energy, the skill and the genius which had belonged to it in its prime, cowed utterly by "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," and with no Moses for leader and law-giver. The first necessity in this land of sun-glare and torrential rains would be to obtain some shelter from the elements, and the jungle spreading away on every side would furnish ample material for the building of huts, made of timber and thatched with palm-leaves, such as the Kambojans use to-day. It would not present itself to this fallen people even as a possibility to emulate the great works wrought by their forebears. What would it profit them to build if the

caprice of the gods might once more drive them forth! Moreover the ample resources which had formerly been at the disposal of their kings would have vanished with their ancient greatness. Descent is proverbially easy, and the substitution of the squalid hut for the splendid stone palace would be readily made, and would be more than symbolical of the corresponding decline in the prevailing standard of civilisation before and after the exodus. No great effort of fancy, therefore, is necessary in order to picture the rapid degeneration which would overtake these people when once they had slipped the anchor of association which bound them to the past; and being now scattered over the country, exposed to the persecutions of their stronger neighbours of Siam and Annam, a nation no longer save in name, such learning as had once belonged to them would pass into oblivion, and very speedily even the story of their ancient greatness would become a myth. The extraordinary change in the condition of the Kambojans which is to be noted if we compare the work of the Chinese envoy, writing in 1297, and the earliest Portuguese chroniclers at the end of the sixteenth century,—a change which had been wrought within a space of less than two hundred years—marvellous as it is, becomes, when examined in the light of the hypothesis here suggested, neither inexplicable, nor, as some have averred, a sheer impossibility.

The evidence supporting the belief in a general and more or less sudden exodus having occurred, is ample. If the Khmer towns had been depopulated by pestilence it is certain that human remains in large numbers would be found within the ruins, but for a matter of fact no such traces have been brought to light. If the place was devastated by war, this

calamity too would leave its sure and unmistakable signs, but though acts of iconoclasm may in places have been committed, the general appearance of the ruins leads to the conclusion that time and weather, rather than man and the rage of man, have here wrought destruction. The tradition of war too would most likely have survived, but no such event is spoken of by the modern Kambojans, and the theory of a voluntary exodus, due doubtless to superstitious fear, in itself a final symptom of the national decay, would seem to be the explanation best adapted to the facts in our possession.

This theory, which has not, I believe, been hitherto advanced, has escaped attention possibly because two facts, seemingly opposed to it, have bulked big in the sight of European investigators. The first is the complete ignorance of the modern Kambojans concerning the history of Angkor, and the cloud of myth and legend with which it is surrounded in the popular fancy: the second is the way in which the ruins have been overgrown by apparently virgin forest. It is contended that neither of these things could have happened in the space of less than two centuries, and therefore the evidence of the Chinese envoy has either been ignored, or has been twisted out of its obvious meaning and has been explained away.

For me, on the other hand, the testimony of the Chinaman, an independent and unbiassed witness, has its own peculiar value, nor do I see how it is possible to set it aside. I find myself, therefore, compelled to accept the recorded facts, that Angkor Thôm was inhabited in 1296 and had become a part of the wilderness by 1570, and this being so, I confess that the difficulties in the way of this conclusion do not present themselves to me as in any sense insuperable.

It must be borne in mind that the facts of ascertained history point to the decline of the Khmer civilisation extending over a matter of more than a dozen centuries prior to the visit of the Chinese envoy, and that the more rapid decay which probably followed upon the exodus was only the continuation of a process which had been operative during an immense period. The Khmers exiled to the forests would be getting back very near to their primitive beginnings; their energies would be directed solely to maintaining life amid the new conditions; they would become scattered, as indeed they are in our own time, and the vast majority being always unlettered, even such learning as they had preserved from the heyday of their greatness would quickly pass from them. The shortness of memory among an illiterate people is remarkable, and in Asia the natural propensity of the oriental mind to cling to things strange and marvellous contrives to weave a maze of fancy round the soberest historical facts. Among the Malays of the Peninsula, for example, the warrior Hang Tûah, who fought against the Portuguese in 1511, was beaten by them, and for many years after carried on an intermittent and unsuccessful war against their growing power, had become, before a century had passed, a hero of fable as mythical as Hector or Achilles. It is much, as John Crawford said, as though our own Sir Walter Raleigh were to have become a myth! Instances of the same kind might be multiplied indefinitely, and this in lands where the European element has been constantly present to record, remember and remind. Given the peculiar conditions which must have prevailed among the Kambojans after the exodus, and the impressive character of the ruins abandoned to the forest, it is easy to com-

prehend that in a hundred years all manner of traditions concerning them would have found credence with an imaginative oriental people. Among them the actual facts relating to their abandonment would easily become obscured and be eventually forgotten, but the knowledge that Angkor Thôm had once been the capital of Kambojan kings would survive, as it has survived, and the superstitious tradition that the place was uninhabitable for human beings would remain, as it has remained.

The encroachment of the forest is a difficulty apparent rather than actual. Protected by superstitious fears the ruins would during one or more generations be barely visited after their abandonment, and in the tropics where the foot of man does not fall constantly, repeatedly, the jungle claims its own with a wonderful rapidity. In August, 1892, I spent some days in the centre of a large clearing, some ten acres in extent, the whole of which was under plough, though no seed had been planted. This was in the Malay Peninsula, and owing to the disturbed state of the district that clearing was abandoned. In July, 1894, not quite two years later, I visited the same place, and found it covered with dense bush, most of it fourteen feet in height, and the whole of it so thick that a way could only be forced through it by hewing a path with a wood-knife. Imagine that patch of clearing left untrodden, not for two, but for five-score years, and then ask yourself whether the existence of seemingly virgin forest where the ploughed land had once been would, in the circumstances, occasion any surprise. No one who has himself

observed the rapidity with which forest encroaches in a tropical country need be astonished that the ruins of Angkor are overgrown with jungle. The wonder is that Nature has not well-nigh obliterated even these Titanic works of man, and that this has not been accomplished is additional testimony in support of the belief that the abandonment of Angkor occurred at a comparatively recent date.

To sum up : I believe the facts at our disposal warrant the belief that Angkor Thôm was an inhabited city at the end of the thirteenth century ; that by 1570—and concerning this there is no question—it was ruined and overgrown with forest as it is to-day ; that, some time in the fourteenth century, it is probable, a general exodus took place ; and that this was due, not to pestilence or to war, but to the conviction, fostered, it is most likely, by a succession of earthquake shocks, that it was the will of the gods that the ancient city should be evacuated.

Asia is the home of mystery, of tragedy, and of the pathos of things impotent and pitiful in decay, but in all the East nothing, I think, is more wonderful than the lost story of the Khmers, nothing more tragic than their decline from the immense heights to which they once aspired, uplifted on the wings of genius, nothing more pathetic than the squalid Kambojans of our own time, a people spent and inert, who, wandering through the great forest aisles incurious and indolent, haunt like shadowy ghosts the crumbling monuments of a mighty empire.

HUGH CLIFFORD.

## THE SAYINGS OF SIR ORACLE.

THERE are not a few points in which the student of comparative history can trace a resemblance between modern Britain and ancient Greece—thanks to a fine system of athletic education, accompanied by a moderate amount of study of the classics. But of the resemblance in general we do not desire to speak; its existence is easily explained by the argument of classical tradition. There is, however, one feature of similarity which, oddly enough, owes little or nothing to this tradition; which appears to be purely accidental, and which (if we must have causes to explain effects) is probably due to a deep-seated kinship in human nature at all periods and in all climes. This feature is the survival of the oracle. For there are oracles in modern Britain to-day as there were in ancient Greece over two thousand years ago. They resemble the old Greek oracles in being sometimes profoundly obscure of meaning. It would seem that they resemble them, too, in being invested with supernal wisdom and superhuman dignity, so that they must be approached with befitting reverence. The chief Greek oracles, we know, were worshipped. The chief English oracles, when consulted on municipal affairs, are addressed as "Your Worship," and they bear the titles of "The Worshipful" and the "Right Worshipful." Unlike the Greek oracles, however, which (we are given to understand) spoke through the mouths of fasting priestesses, our civic oracles are fullest of wisdom after dinner. They dine frequently in public; and at the close of the

feast they rise, arrayed in scarlet and decked with golden chains, to deliver themselves of utterances which are anxiously chronicled by waiting scribes. These speeches are afterwards published in the cities which they concern.

We know that the old Greek oracle did not always satisfy the people to whom it spoke, and the same thing may be said of the modern British oracle. It has even been observed that he is least likely to satisfy others when he is most profoundly satisfied with himself—a phenomenon which has been noticed in all parts of Britain. We shall the better be able to illustrate this, if we follow the methods of the historian and give instances for the guidance of the student; he may then draw his own conclusions and trace such tendencies and deduce such moral lessons as he pleases. We ourselves are but concerned with the facts.

Many years ago, in the city of (let us say) Kennaquhair, a minister to whom it seemed that the civic oracles of his time—the lord provost and the bailies, to be precise—had "ower gude a conceit of themselves," was minded to chasten the self-satisfaction of the city fathers. He did it in a public prayer. "We beseech Thee," he petitioned, "that Thou wouldest show Thy mercy on all who are mentally afflicted or of feeble mind—on all fools and idiots—but especially on the town council of Kennaquhair." That prayer was long a sore memory with the city council, and not unnaturally invited reprisals. Accordingly, while the burghers of

Kennaquhair were still discussing it, a witty bailie tried to get the better of the minister. He asked him publicly if fools were oftener found in the town council than in the pulpit. "There's nae great faculties needed in the pulpit, meenister," said the bailie. "The maist that ony of ye hae to do there is just to gie us a sermon without writing it doon first; and what's that? For as simple a body as you may think me, I'll wager you I could haud forth ony day from ony text that you might find me." The minister thought he could find the bailie a text that he would not preach from. He was right. The bailie declined to preach from it. For what he read on the paper the minister put into his hand was:—"NUMBERS xxii. 28. And the Lord opened the mouth of the ass." The bailie's name has not been preserved. That of the minister (the Rev. William Veitch) has. In such stories it is perhaps as well that only the name of the man who has the laugh on his side should be remembered. The other man might be as undesirous of notice as was that worthy alderman of a west of England borough, who met an attempt to rake up a ridiculous old story against him with the protest that "he was an aged man, and had hoped that both his name and the matters in question might be permitted to remain anonymous for the few years that he had to live." Like him, we would rather let names remain anonymous. Mayors and aldermen, town councillors, and even town clerks have furnished us with anecdotes; but they did not desire us to collect them. The worthy citizens sought only the admiration of the towns to which they spoke as oracles.

It is the habit of many worshipful persons who aspire to the dignity of Sir Oracle (especially in our smaller

boroughs) to be profuse and pompous in their display of language. Their public oratory is as superbly different from their private talk as are the scarlet robes and cocked hats with which they bedeck themselves for imposing civic functions from the coats and aprons they wear in their offices and shops. In private life they speak the English they are familiar with, and easily make themselves understood; but as public speakers they are periphrastic and polysyllabic, ornate and obscure; addicted to metaphor and misquotation; imperfectly acquainted with the dictionary and comprehensively ignorant of grammar. They endeavour to clothe their meaning with as many words as possible, and they sometimes disguise it past all recognition. They are descended from Dogberly by way of Mrs. Malaprop, and the wisdom of the one ancestor and the wit of the other have been transmitted to them.

It was a true son of Mrs. Malaprop who protested in a west of England council chamber that, "if he was to have his statements contradicted by gentlemen who did not know what they were talking about, he could only reply that what he had been saying was as true as that Romeo built Rome." This same learned councillor declared on another occasion that "the mayor and his supporters were no doubt a long way behind the age, but they would find that the party of progress in the town council would shove them forward, *holus bolus*." *Nolens volens* is conjectured to have been the classic phrase intended. As Mr. Mayor and his supporters, in spite of this grave warning, still refused to tread the path of progress, they were warned that "the sword of Demosthenes was impending over them, and would fall on their heads at the next election." It is said of a Conservative colleague



of this Radical town councillor that he spoke of the Pope as "the prisoner of the vacuum," and quoted the Sublime Porte as a proof that the Turks "knew what was good in the way of wine;" also that he opined the success of the local Conservative candidate in a parliamentary election "ought to satisfy their Radical friends that it was no good importing the cactus into that ancient town." The caucus was flourishing at the time. On another occasion in the eighties this worthy man was misled by an allusion to "the ravages of Boreas" into asserting that "if a Conservative government had been in power, the Boreas, or any other savages, would soon find that their ravages were put a stop to."

Politics have been known to make their way into town councils in spite of promises to shut them out. When they pop up in municipal debates, every mayor is not so impartial in dealing with them as was he of X—, who proclaimed that, "even though political subjects were introduced, they would find him, like Caesar's wife, all things to all men." It was his political bias that tempted the Mayor of T— to avow, in the council chamber of that ancient borough, that "for his part, he rejoiced to learn that sanguinary reports had been received from the local habitations of the Primrose League." His Worship was not really bloodthirsty; "sanguine" was what he meant. It would be difficult however, to say exactly what was in the mind of that Mayor of B—, who, on the occasion of a visit from one of the leaders of his party, declared that the town "made quite a gorgeous display and presented a most redolent appearance." In another small town a fine derangement of metaphors was presented in the panegyric pronounced by one of the town councillors on a deceased nonconformist minister, who had been

a thorough-going and hard-hitting Radical. "For forty years," said the eulogist, "our late lamented friend has stood among us a burning and a shining light of Liberalism that called with trumpet voice to all around." A parliamentary election having come off in a certain southern borough to the satisfaction of the mayor, his worship thus referred to it:—"All I need say is that when I had the honour of declaring our honourable member returned unbounded loyalty prevailed. The Queen was sung on thousands of voices, and we finished an excitable day with a deliberate display of flags and an impromptu band." The success of the Liberal party in the general election of 1892 gave much satisfaction to another mayor, who proclaimed that when Mr. Gladstone brought forward his second Home Rule bill it would be found that he had been keeping a rod in pickle for his Tory adversaries. "I may even say a scorpion in pickle," his worship added.

On theological, as on political topics, the elect of the town hall sometimes express themselves with a curious felicity of language. In the very ancient and very small borough of X—, the corporation and the clergy differed as to the laying out of a new cemetery which was to replace the old churchyard. The clergy wanted the larger part of the cemetery consecrated; the corporation were of opinion that, in view of the number of nonconformists in the borough, at least half of the ground should be unconsecrated. The bishop of the diocese intervened in support of his clergy; but the corporation had their way. A nonconformist member of the town council expressed satisfaction that the episcopal interference had been withstood, but protested that the law as to the division of cemeteries into consecrated and un-



consecrated portions required amendment. "If things were as they ought to be," he opined, "there would be no distinction after death of sect or creed, but each of the deceased would be at perfect liberty to choose his grave in any part of the cemetery he might prefer."

In another borough it was the Church that cast an aspersion on the representatives of the State. The imputation conveyed was doubtless unintentional; but the corporation generally, and the mayor in particular, wished that it had been spared them. His worship and his colleagues had promised to grace the Church schools with their presence, on the occasion of a prize distribution. They were a little late in arriving, and the Vicar suggested that the children should fill up the time by singing a hymn. He chose *HOLD THE FORT!*, and it was held. While the children were in full cry, the corporation arrived; and they entered the room, the mayor heading them, to a thunderous greeting of,

See the mighty host advancing,  
Satan leading on!

When legal questions crop up in town councils, it is customary to take the opinion of the clerk on them. This having been done on one occasion, a worthy alderman expressed doubts of the soundness of the town clerk's law. "Mr. C— knows best, of course," he said; "but I have always understood that the Habeas Corpus Act conferred on every unconvicted person the privilege of being acquitted till after committal." In the town of R— a burgess of some repute as a local oracle was chosen foreman of the grand jury at the borough quarter sessions. The only question for consideration was whether or no a true bill should be returned

against a man who had attempted suicide and had inflicted serious injury on himself. "Well, gentlemen," the foreman inquired of the grand jury, "do you find the prisoner guilty?" "No, no!" said a juror, who knew what the functions of a grand jury were; and he proceeded to explain. The foreman presently interrupted him. "Just so—just so!" he said. "Well, gentlemen," looking gravely round him, "if we cannot find the man guilty, at least we can recommend him to mercy, I hope."

A case of assault was brought before the borough justices of G—, in which it appeared that the defendant had lost his temper on finding that he had been sold an unsound stallion at a pretty sound price. The bench were rather inclined to sympathise with him; and the mayor, as chief magistrate, intimated that only a small fine would be inflicted. "For," said his worship, "it must have been very provocative to the defendant to find that he had been led to expect sound and healthy issue from a deceased parent." Equally happy was the pronouncement of another chief magistrate who had to deal with a nuisance caused by insanitary accumulations of offensive rubbish on certain premises. "As long as I sit on this bench," said the mayor, "I shall see to it that there is no refuge anywhere within the borough bounds." Off the bench this mayor had also happy phrases. Presiding at a tea for Sunday school children, which was to be followed by an entertainment, his worship announced that "when the young folks had done justice to the many good things provided for them, they would find that they were to be kept alive for a couple of hours by special pre-arrangement." It was at a dinner given by the mayor that the town clerk of a southern borough

distinguished himself. He rose at a late hour to propose the health of the mayoress. The toast-list had been long, and half of the mayor's guests had left before its conclusion. "I have now," said the town clerk, "to give a toast which needs no recommendation from me, for I am sure it will recommend itself to everyone in this room, including those who have already gone out." The toast was very heartily received. So was that proposal to drink the health of a newly-elected mayor which an alderman made in the following terms: "Let us wish Mr. Jones a happy and healthy year of office, and hope that at its close we may be able to unambiguously congratulate him on having shown us what the hospitality of an ambrosial reign should be." At a dinner given by the mayor of X—a worthy tradesman who had recently gained a seat on the council had his attention directed by a neighbour at table to a tray of quill toothpicks. He looked at them and shook his head. "No, thanks," he said; "I tried one or two of them just now, and I found them uncommon dry. I never did care for them Italian dishes."

The loyalty of our corporations is well known and has been fervently proclaimed in countless addresses. In one of the smaller Hampshire boroughs it was suggested last year that the occasion of the coronation should be marked, not only by an address from the corporation, but by an addition to the dress of the town fire brigade. A local reporter furnished his paper with the following report of the discussion that took place on the subject in the town council. Only the names have been altered:—

The Fire Brigade Committee recommended that, it being the Coronation year, uniform trousers be obtained for the firemen.—Alderman Tompkins, in moving the adoption of the report, said

he thought there were several reasons why the firemen should be provided with trousers. They knew that, on all occasions when the Corporation went out, the fire brigade followed them, and it would look much better if they had a pair of trousers to finish off their uniform, as they already had a tunic and helmet. Another reason for adopting the recommendation was that the period of the Coronation festivities was approaching, and that was a time when they should look decent and respectable.—Councillor Gubbins moved, as an amendment, that the recommendation of the committee to provide the firemen with trousers should be postponed for six months.—The Mayor asked what the firemen were to do in the meanwhile.—Alderman Jones: "Wear kilts." (Laughter.)

It is to the credit of the borough that, in spite of Mr. Gubbins, the Hampshire firemen in question have not been reduced to the extremity of kilts.

Occasionally the good things uttered by our oracles win more than a merely local success. The story is pretty well known of the town council on whose minutes was recorded a resolution that "thanked Mr. — for his offer to present a dado for the Town Hall, but could only accept it if he would also supply the necessary cage for the animal." More than local fame, too, was achieved by that mayor who, while showing a party over the new town hall was asked, "What about the acoustics?" and who replied:—"O, they're all right: I've never smelt anything." But our humble endeavour in these pages has been to rescue from oblivion some few sayings of English municipal worthies which have hitherto remained unchronicled in print, or at best have found their way into the columns of a provincial newspaper. It must be owned that, in the case of country newspapers, the reporter or the printer is sometimes the real author of the good things attributed to the

speakers. It was a reporter who made the Mayor of M— express a hope, when a great personage was expected, that "his Royal Highness would find the town looking quite *au fait*." In another small borough, a dinner was given to some military guests; and the speaker who proposed the health of a certain Colonel C— was reported to have eulogised him as "well skilled in the arts of veneering and wood carving." "We find," explained the local newspaper in its next issue, "that what he did say was that the gallant Colonel had shown himself well skilled in the arts of venery and wood craft." It was of the printer that an alderman in the town of F— had reason to complain, when he was made to avow that "he sympathised with those clergy who would not have their churches galvanised." "Calvinised" was the word that the speaker had really used. To a printer's error also was due the surprising statement attributed to the Mayor of W— that, "on visiting the workhouse at Christmas in his capacity of guardian, he was charmed to see how prettily the matron, her daughter, and the nurse had decorated the chaplain." With a still more perverted ingenuity the printer succeeded in attributing to the Mayor of D—, when he took the chair at a lecture on English poetry, a lament for "the hard lives of our sickly hoods and our consumptive seats." His Worship had really referred to Hood and Keats. Perhaps there was malice on the part of the printer who, when a worthy citizen credited with a fondness for looking on the wine when it was red had given a lecture on his recent visit to New Zealand, misrepresented him as declaring that "the strangest creature to be found there was the apteryx, which was a wine-glass bird."

But, after all, the reporter and printer can do little for Sir Oracle in comparison with the great things that he does for himself. What he will do under the new education act, Heaven knows; for it is when he meddles with the instruction of the young that the local Solomon most notably distinguishes himself. In evidence of which fact, we will close our humble tribute to his wisdom with two stories, one of which comes from the west of England, the other from the west of America. In the days when board schools were young, a visit was paid to one of those schools by a local dignitary who had theories on the subject of Scripture lessons. He requested the headmaster to pick out a particularly dull boy and let him ask that lad a few questions. Whereupon the following dialogue ensued:

"Now, my boy, what do you understand by a miracle?"

*Boy*, looking helplessly at visitor, makes no answer.

*Visitor* (triumphantly, to headmaster):—"You see, it's as I've always maintained. Scripture *must* be explained and illustrated if any comprehension of its meaning is to penetrate this sort of skull. He can't tell me what a miracle is. Now hear me make him understand."

*Headmaster* (with sarcastic incredulity):—"If you do, sir, you'll have wrought a miracle yourself. I haven't a duller boy in the school. If you'd question some of the others—"

*Visitor*:—"No, no, I'll show you what I can do with this one, by using common-sense methods. Now, my boy, pay attention to me. You don't know what a miracle is, eh?"

*Boy* confesses it by his silence.

"Now, listen to me! Suppose you got up in the middle of the night and saw the sun shining, what should you say it was?"

*Boy* (promptly) :—" I should say it was the moon."

*Visitor* (argumentatively) :—" But you couldn't, you know, if you saw it was the sun."

*Boy* (doggedly) :—" I should see it wasn't."

*Visitor* (recovering from a disconcerted pause) :—" But suppose someone told you that it was the sun?"

*Boy* (emphatically) :—" I should say he was a liar."

*Visitor* (angry at such persistent stupidity) :—" But suppose I told you that it was really the sun, and not the moon, that you had seen shining in the middle of the night, what would you say then? You wouldn't dare to tell me that I was a liar, would you?"

*Boy* (hesitates a moment; then, in accents of conviction) :—" I should say you was werry drunk," he answered.

The visitor abandoned the Socratic method.

It was by the Baconian method of experiment and inductive reasoning that the Sheriff of Jackson City proceeded when he tested the value of the geographical instruction imparted to the young. Jackson City was itself young, being a promising western settlement of some ten years' growth, whose citizens, after running up three or four drinking saloons and a gaol for their own benefit, had built a school for their children and imported a "school-marm" from an eastern state. By and by Jackson City began to get uneasy at the strange things that the "school-marm" was putting into its children's heads. One of them was that the earth was round—whereas, any Jacksonian had only

to look across the prairie he lived on to see that it was flat; and another, the strangest of all her notions, was that this round earth was a sort of giant wheel, which turned upside down on its axle—"axis," the school-mistress called it—once in every twenty-four hours. If a school-master had taught such nonsense to its children Jackson City would have summarily closed his engagement by shooting him, as a preliminary to advertising for a successor with common-sense views of geography. But the "school-marm" had claims on western chivalry. She could not be shot by way of notice to quit. The perplexed citizens held a meeting, and discussed the educational difficulty that had arisen. They unanimously resolved that the earth did not turn round, and that the sheriff should be deputed to call on the school-mistress and lay before her the parental objections to her teaching. The sheriff went. So did the "school-marm." Her dismissal was decreed a day or two later by another citizens' meeting, after hearing from the sheriff an account of the experiment by which he had philosophically confuted the school-mistress's attempts to argue with him.

"I didn't say much to her when she went on telling me the 'arth turned round; but I just went hum, an' I put a 'tatur on a stump outside my house. Neow, in the morning, that 'tatur was still whar' I had put it the night afore. Neow, if the 'arth had turned round in the night, whar' would that 'tatur hev bin next morning?—Whar' would it hev bin, I ask?"

And Jackson City echoed, "Whar?"

## BOROUGH COUNCILS AND RISING RATES.

WHEN the Association of Municipal Corporations met for the annual meeting at the Guildhall, the London borough councils asked to be assisted in two important particulars. One was the obtaining of an amendment of the law so as to give them greater discretionary powers of expenditure; the second referred to obtaining power to issue stock to defray the cost of remunerative schemes. Those who know borough finance, as it is at present, are aware that the old spirit which permeated vestrydom has not yet departed; those who pay rates feel month after month that the burden is heavy without having a glimmer of hope that relief is near; it cannot therefore come as a surprise to anybody that those with a knowledge of the state of affairs are aghast at the idea of increasing the financial power of the borough councils.

A glance at a complete return of the rates as levied in London shows a net increase of fivepence for the last year, the preceding twelve months having accounted for a rise of threepence, or a total of eightpence for the short period of two years. If this return does not open the eyes of the rate-payers and make their tongues and pens wag with enquiries into the whys and wherefores of the increased rates, they can only be considered as suffering justly. Those who object cannot remain idle, they must be up and doing, to stop the draining of the financial resources of the London rate-payer. By comparing the latest figures given with those for last year, the table of rates as levied in the London boroughs shows

an increase in all but four; in two there has been a decrease and in two others the rate has remained stationary. The rates cover a period of twelve months, ending March 30th in the year given, and the amounts charged in the twenty-nine London boroughs have been as follows:—

	Rateable Value per head	Rates, 1902 - 3		1901 - 2		Increase	Decrease
		s.	d.	s.	d.		
Battersea ..	5-92	8	0	7	6	6	—
Bermondsey..	6-88	9	4	8	8	8	—
Bethnal Green	3-99	8	3	7	10	5	—
Camberwell..	4-84	8	2	7	6	8	—
City ..	180-90	6	5	5	11	6	—
Chelsea ..	10-82	7	0	6	8	4	—
Deptford ..	5-43	7	5	6	8	9	—
Finsbury ..	9-38	6	9	7	1	—	4
Fulham ..	5-38	7	4	7	4	—	—
Greenwich ..	6-06	7	6	6	8	10	—
Hackney ..	5-29	8	2	7	4	10	—
Hammersmith	5-94	6	11	6	10	1	—
Hampstead ..	11-46	6	10	6	10	—	—
Holborn ..	15-35	7	8	8	0	—	4
Islington ..	5-69	7	2½	6	7½	7	—
Kensington ..	12-53	6	4	6	3	1	—
Lambeth ..	6-15	7	1	6	8	5	—
Lewisham ..	6-60	7	0	6	8	4	—
Paddington ..	10-04	6	6	6	1	5	—
Poplar ..	4-63	9	9	9	2	7	—
St. Marylebone	12-59	6	9½	6	9	0½	—
St. Pancras ..	7-64	7	1	6	7½	5½	—
Shoreditch ..	6-47	7	4	7	3	1	—
Southwark ..	6-09	8	0	6	4	1	8
Stepney ..	4-70	8	3	7	9	6	—
Stoke Newington ..	6-67	6	7½	6	4	3½	—
Wandsworth ..	6-58	7	5	7	3½	1½	—
Westminster	29-72	6	8	5	8	1	0
Woolwich ..	5-35	8	2	7	0	1	2
Total average for all London	8-77	7	2	6	9	5	—

The question as to who is responsible for these considerable increases will be hotly discussed all over London before many months have passed. The elections for the borough

councils and the London County Council are pending, when candidate after candidate will make the usual promises to reduce the rates without knowing how to fulfil their promises or how to reward the trust the electors have placed in them. The Moderates are sure to attack the Progressives for wastefulness, although that body can only be called to account for a rise of a halfpenny in each of the two years which brought a total increase of eightpence, while the School Board is responsible for a penny only. The Progressives will retort with accusations against the borough councils and the extravagance of the irresponsible Asylums Board. The borough councils will hardly be able to refute the charge, especially not the Moderate councils, since the overwhelming Moderate majorities at Westminster and Hackney are advancing the rates most rapidly. The Moderates therefore, run the danger of being hoist with their own petard.

Many are the reasons given by partisans for the increased taxation. "Improvements" and "renewals" figure largely in the accounts which bring the burden home to the rate-payer. A halt will have to be called, since the shop-keeper and the small householder cry out for relief, for what with King's taxes, county rate, local rate and water rate, the small rate-payer is almost rated out of existence. That halt is not needed for most of the improvement schemes, for they are self-supporting, even remunerative, and frequently bring in a sufficient amount to reduce the total costs of a borough's necessary expenditure. The returns published by the Glasgow, Bradford, and other municipal councils prove this conclusively. The return published by the Government at the request of Sir Henry Fowler is the best evidence

that local councils can be trusted to manage the affairs of their district well, if they work amid favourable circumstances, and here lies one of the great reasons why the London borough councils have not been successful. The administration of London is so unlike that of any other great city in the whole world, that no direct comparison is possible.

The problem has to be dealt with on its individual merits, or if no merits can be found, on individual points. Other great capitals, such as Paris, Berlin, Rome, St. Petersburg, Vienna, are governed by different municipal systems which, though they all bear some resemblance to each other, have but few points of similarity to London, when that conglomeration is taken into consideration. London has nominally been split up into many entities called boroughs, with some individual liberties and with many restrictions. Like an agricultural county, it has been divided according to names given to certain places, as if the distinction of names could create individuality among the closely inhabited streets. It is nonsense to think this possible, but it has been done. It is hardly conceivable that sane statesmen could have sanctioned such a medieval scheme, but the borough councils are the creation of the late Government, which is nearly the same as the present one.

Has it not been predicted that the rise in the rates would be out of all proportion to the improvements which a fertile imagination held out before the eyes of the electors? When a sounder financial system than that maintained by the late vestries was promised, critics of experience prophesied the reverse. When the honours and titles and emoluments and patronage were criticised, it was the creation of local interest that was



pointed out as the desirable achievement; now after a few years it proves that the old vestrymen have only been disguised; they now wear robes, have a mace as the emblem of power, and answer to the grand title of "councillor," or perchance to the still grander title of "mayor," or "alderman." How has the ratepayer benefited? Where are the improvements, and, before everything else, where is all the money going? Are the streets better lighted, better paved, cleaner? Are the housing and sanitary arrangements improved? Are the poor, the orphans and the old people made more comfortable? And this list of questions could be continued at great length, should a comparison with other large English towns be undertaken, but the affirmative answers would be very few. The borough councils have in fact improved little but their names; they have increased, not the prosperity of the districts, but the rates; they have not even succeeded in gaining the confidence of the best men, who should be drawn to them, but who decline to follow the lead of factionists and faddists.

If the borough councils had aimed at real power, besides the power of extracting money from the unwilling rate-payers, good and experienced men might have thought it a duty, nay even an honour, to spend some of their time in careful deliberation, to the end that they might improve the condition of the people, of which a large proportion has no stamina and not sufficient sense to help itself. But what man of sense would be run as a candidate for a borough council by a political party caucus, without appearing somewhat ridiculous in his own eyes, and what man of standing would promise a reduction in the rates without first having gained a knowledge of economy and freed

himself from party machinery, which enforces his voting? That all this is quite calmly done by the greater number of the London borough councillors can be seen from their electioneering speeches and literature. Imperialism, disestablishment, foreign policy, and other great matters all figure in the addresses of those wonderful men, whose qualifications as to knowledge of sewers, gas, sanitation, street paving, housing of the working classes, dust collecting, etc., ought to be under examination. But the great matters, dealt with in big words, impress the uneducated and unthinking; they appeal to the mob, and secure its votes; while speeches about gas and sewers are very dry and uninteresting, and appeal only to small audiences; the importance of a comfortable existence is obscured by the dulness of the details which ensure it.

Why are so few votes recorded at borough council elections, and why are the obscure local tradesmen and political busybodies the most successful in these contests? To fight week after week against ignorance and perversity is not an alluring outlook for a city merchant, used to control a large establishment, or to a professional man. So it comes to pass that local cliques run the borough councils; friends combine to have another friend elected; tradesmen agree to support only the candidate who leaves all contracts in the locality, irrespective of value or quotations. All these sections endeavour to keep out the capable administrator with a wider outlook than the parish pump and with a sincere desire to serve the interests of his fellow men. Occasionally a reformer is victorious at an election and recently a few councils have added capable men to their number, but in the division these men remain

in a minority, and, as we have already hinted, it takes a long time to educate the other men to a sound standard of municipal duties. Administrators of the Fabian type are by no means to be considered ideal, since they lack that common-sense which guides our requirements; they lose themselves in aspirations and fads which may be tangible a few generations hence. These aspirations have their value and should be kept alive, but outside the council chamber, since the time at disposal for the transaction of municipal business is already too limited. In spite of the fundamental weakness in the constitution of borough councils, an improvement in personality could foster a sounder policy and—*expenditure is governed by policy*. So long as men with axes of their own to grind govern countries, counties or boroughs, the desired reduction of taxes must always remain unrealised, because the policy is wrong.

Yet the power is really in the hands of the householder, for he has a voice in the choice of candidates, and something more than a voice in their election. If the voting power is abused, or (what is equally absurd) not used at all, then the result rests with the tax-payer and no pity should be extended to him who wilfully neglects or misuses his right and duty. Vote every time for the best man, and help him to gain other votes. He may not be successful at once, but merit finds the way to power sooner or later, and when men of real merit, equipped with administrative knowledge (so largely gained in conducting great business houses, factories and other concerns) have assumed the control of their own, then the time will arrive for a reduction in taxation and better value with a smaller expenditure. The borough councils are not the place for florid

rhetoric, or for experimenting in municipal socialism (although the latter should not be cried down *per se*); hard business should be attended to and onerous are the duties of the conscientious man, with a sense of responsibility to himself and his fellow rate-payers. Business men plead that they cannot spare the time, professional men cry out at the awkward meeting hours, but what about the burden undertaken, which posterity has to meet? The time is not wasted and attendance at an awkward hour may save much annoyance and money. If the over-taxed men can go on long pleasure trips, enjoy sport, take an interest in art and occupy honorary positions in the organisations of social life, let them rearrange their time and give a little every week to their borough, otherwise let them be silent on the question of over-taxation.

Every man should study the records of other towns, whose improvements and savings should be carefully considered and if possible locally applied. Each day teaches new lessons in municipal economy, with which we must keep abreast, if we are to reap the full benefit of experience. Not only the good, but also the other examples, should be considered, since both teach their lessons. The recently published report, GLASGOW: ITS MUNICIPAL ORGANISATION AND ADMINISTRATION, is a masterpiece, representing the triumph of municipal government. Here has been brought to perfection the vast organisation necessary to provide a large community of people with good streets, abundant water, adequate drainage, cleanly kept highways and proper traffic. Then contrast this with the exposure of the Westminster paving scandal and the mismanagement of the City finances, particularly the maladministration

of the City markets, on which London depends for good and cheap food. Of course the rating in other towns is not ideal in all cases; take for example that of a Southampton photographer, who pays £35 annual house-rent; the house is arbitrarily rated at £68 and the total annual payment for rates, gas and water all paid to the corporation, comes to £48. But we need not follow a bad example, only the good should be maxims of our standard.

The rise in the expenditure of an average borough may be suitably pointed out here, and for this purpose the borough of St. Pancras has been chosen. The new borough is, to all intents and purposes, the same as the old vestry; the acreage is nearly the same and the number of inhabitants shows not more than a natural increase. On the other hand, the borough has a mixed population, being inhabited by all classes from the very rich to the very poor. Somers Town, Tottenham Court Road, Regent's Park, King's Cross, Kentish Town, Camden Town, Highgate and Haverstock Hill are all wholly or partially in the Borough of St. Pancras, and there is hardly another part of London to which the term *average* so well applies as the one here chosen, for which reason the choice must find the approval of all fair critics.

St. Pancras covers 2,672 acres; it has according to the census of 1901 a population of 235,284 inhabitants and 28,300 assessments, with a gross value of £2,172,420 and a rateable value of £1,801,795; a rate of 1d. per £ will produce £7,215.

It has not been possible to make a direct comparison with the ten previous years' expenditure, which would have been the best way of drawing a fair and satisfactory conclusion. The methods of account-

keeping of the late vestry and the present borough differ materially and substantially. The vestry's published accounts were arranged on the "from Lady-day to Lady-day cash received and expended" principle, which is rather uncertain and places the expenditure not always in the proper period of employment. The new borough treasurer and accountant, Mr. William H. Booth (who has kindly supplied the material for the following figures) records the actual expenditure from 1st April to 30th March, without stating that the amount has only been paid in this period. The fundamental difference in the account-keeping, therefore, makes it impossible to argue much by the comparative methods; the accounts for three or four consecutive years, at least, are needed for such a comparison. But the figures will not prove uninteresting. To avoid the result which a too great array of figures has on most readers only four out of ten years have been taken, for which the expenditure is given, and the years 1892, 1895, 1899 and 1902 have been chosen haphazard, without intention or on account of abnormal changes.

A part of the lighting and sewer rates is reproductive, but the larger amount is not, as for example, the expenditure for keeping the public conveniences, which cost the borough for last year £2,277 18s. 10d. and brought in only £2,257 17s. 6d. Had it not been for the antiquated method of giving tickets instead of having automatic money registers and of supplying the attendants with expensive uniforms, which cost £93 5s. and £25 7s. 6d. respectively, there would have been a clear profit. A seeming anomaly is also shown in the costs of the uniforms; a man can be fitted out for £1 8s., whereas a female attendant requires £5 8s. for an annual

outfit. The salaries paid to officials and the poundage awarded to the rate collectors are typical; the latter have been for 1892, £3,123 17s 2d., for \* 1895, £2,933 9s. 3d., and for 1899, £3,127 6s. 1d. London should not require twenty-nine sets of officials and rate collectors, each set complete in itself and each costing a similar sum; it is quite clear that a great saving could be made on this enormous expenditure.

wash-houses, sometimes also docks, quays and piers, out of which revenue can be drawn. It is unfortunate that so many people object to the municipalisation of these services, in which direct competition is impossible. Since a monopoly has to be created, it had best remain in the people's hands.<sup>1</sup> The cry of extravagance in starting these enterprises has been proved to be incorrect in most instances, and in the other cases

	1892			1895			1899			1902		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Total expenditure: Poor, Sewer, Lighting, and General Rates ..	414,573	13	1	502,869	7	4	546,850	14	2	633,317	12	1
Board of Guardians ..	94,000	0	0	122,000	0	0	140,000	0	0	110,919	0	0
London County Council	78,808	6	4	93,307	17	9	97,079	8	2	112,363	13	0
School Board ..	72,652	12	8	69,558	12	8	85,343	10	1	108,332	3	0
Metropolitan Police ..	33,562	5	2	33,324	5	0	34,674	8	4	37,435	3	11
Highways, Sewers and Public Works ..	51,369	15	11	81,139	8	2	75,911	18	7	81,459	11	3
Public Health ..	36,083	5	0	17,958	16	6	47,747	12	0	2,365	3	3
Public Lighting ..	14,149	4	6	20,101	9	1	13,178	4	6	*24,633	19	1
Assessment ..	1,100	0	0	200	0	0	249	0	9	907	19	7
Repayment of Loans ..	6,695	0	0	12,490	16	1	14,823	18	10	12,703	2	0
Interest on Loans ..	3,873	9	10	12,538	10	6	15,790	12	9	7,052	15	2
Salaries of Rate Collectors and Officials..	11,092	5	5	12,036	14	11	14,557	10	8	13,328	2	9
Registration of Votes ..	1,672	8	8	1,444	13	7	1,517	18	1	1,699	19	10
Election Expenses ..	545	17	7	1,006	19	8	422	4	4	99	4	0
Legal and Parliamentary Costs ..	1,052	8	1	1,294	5	5	2,193	11	9	696	17	5
View Committees ..	282	4	8	192	4	9	125	10	7	37	17	2
Bank Interest on Overdraft ..	—			367	4	0	250	13	6	883	6	1
Maintenance of Town Hall ..	353	10	2	214	15	2	140	1	5	403	13	4
Public Gardens ..	1,444	5	5	1,479	5	1	1,589	0	11	1,447	11	4
Printing ..	1,338	17	6	2,429	0	5	2,694	19	10	2,164	16	9
Bookbinding ..	115	2	0	233	17	9	343	1	11	394	10	11
Stationery ..	327	11	5	407	6	8	531	16	10	597	8	8
Advertising ..	145	8	3	253	8	0	170	5	6	183	16	11
Stamps and Petty Cash	571	17	6	786	9	1	752	2	4	908	1	11

\* Includes the expenditure for fifteen months.

Besides the directly unremunerative work of street-paving, mending, watering, lighting, cleaning, sanitary inspection, cheap housing accommodation, drainage and such functions, most town councils and even some borough councils supply water, gas, electricity, burial grounds, baths and

some check on it could easily be invented. The objection that they restrict trade is hardly tenable in

<sup>1</sup> Nothing is more striking when looking at details of expenditure, than the many small and large amounts paid to business houses and contractors living in a borough. Year after year the same names come up, the amounts become larger and the firms

face of the fact that the monopolies already exist as the rate-payers know to their cost. Over the actions of a borough council a Local Government Board auditor, the press and the electors have a control, but they have none over a monopoly. All the common necessities of life, in which a monopoly must exist, should be supplied at the lowest cost, in the best quality and with due regard for the future. Of the effect of the opposite policy, the water companies, the gas and electric light concerns, and others offer shining examples. Their actions will force municipal reformers to make the supply of London's gas, electricity, water, baths and wash-houses, cheap lodgings, dock, quay and pier accommodation, tramways, steamboat services, &c., municipal concerns for the benefit of the people at large, and not profitable investments for a few financiers. A word of warning, however, against an increase in the section of unremunerative schemes is not out of place here. An ex-chairman of the London County Council quite recently at a meeting at the Queen's Hall defended the losses on burial grounds which several councils have suffered. This is one of the instances in which

seem to consider themselves monopolists as far as borough supplies are concerned. Competition within the borough becomes a mere phrase, because it is hardly credible that the same man can always offer the best and cheapest supplies. It is the same with appointments to borough situations; the following occurrence can be vouched for. An advertisement in a local paper announced that a caretaker was wanted. Several prominent citizens and large rate-payers thought it an excellent opening for a middle-aged couple of superior education and reduced means. They approached the chairman of the committee (who had to receive the nomination with a recommendation) but were told that the place had already been given to another couple and that the advertisement was only inserted to comply with the rules. Comment is superfluous.

no loss should be incurred and no large profit should be made. It is said the poor must be enabled to bury their dead, and this is a very nice sentiment, but unfortunately the poor spend so much money on useless trappings, flowers and like show, that pity should cease, and the unfortunate rate-payer should not be saddled with the costs of their whims and fancies. Really poor people should be buried absolutely free of charge and not in a pauper's grave; but those who make a show should pay for the luxury. This is only an example, which can be equally well applied to other points, from docks, piers and quays to baths and wash-houses, all of which can be economically managed to permit low charges—but the costs should be covered. A loss is a sign that the best brains have not directed the business of the particular department in which it occurs.

Besides the loss on money invested in unremunerative concerns, there is great extravagance to be noted in the expenditure on stationery, printing, account keeping, advertisements and in the employment of too many people on the clerical staffs. The army of clerical workers employed by the borough councils is enormous, and many of the duties of these officials overlap. It is not that the individual officials are overpaid for their services, or that the individual council could dispense with workers; this is by no means the case. The waste is in the double performance of a duty, in the double expenditure of salaries and other clerical expenses, when one man's work would be as effective when applied over a larger area, as is now the work performed by two or three or more. The same principle applies to stationery, printing, account keeping and advertisements, which expenditure is too seldom considered. By themselves,



these items represent only small amounts, but in the aggregate and when counted for several years they account for many pennies in the rise of borough taxation.

The Local Government (London) Act, which on November the 9th, 1900, created boroughs out of the London vestries, has made it impossible to frame a strict indictment of the individual vestries, *i.e.*, councils, on the above mentioned points, since one is deprived of the opportunity to compare the amounts expended for these purposes for, let us say, the last ten years and for the period from November the 9th, 1900, onward; the time has been too short for a fair, proper and convincing comparison. The former vestries have in most cases changed their boundaries. Islington had a slice of South Hornsey added to it; Lambeth has lost Penge; Westminster has had two other vestries added; Holborn Borough cannot be recognised when compared with the Holborn Vestry; Stoke Newington and Hackney people hardly know to-day to which borough they have been transferred, and so on. It would, therefore, be obviously unfair to place the new boroughs in comparison with the old vestries and vice versa, because the rating value and the necessary expenditures have undergone a reformation. The St. Pancras comparison, it must again be mentioned, was chosen because the area is as nearly as possible the same, and on the whole only a few alterations have been made. A direct challenge on the smaller expenditures could, therefore, only be issued after another two or three years have passed, but though deferring the direct attack one need not remain silent. Day after day the money is being spent, and should the warning now given have any effect on those responsible for the present extra-

gances, the public revelations will afterwards be less severe and easier to bear. No municipal reformer will complain about account-keeping and stationery charges in reason. The accounts require careful investigation by experienced men, but if the account keeping for the London boroughs could easily be added up, the figures would be startling. It would be a good thing for one of the societies or bodies representing the London rate-payers, to sift carefully the records of the smaller expenditures of the boroughs. The work, which needs months of attention, is too much for individual effort and the detailed accounts are not easily obtained by the ordinary investigator; but since the amount expended is large, increasing, and often far beyond what is reasonable, the test should be applied. It is possible that in the result many rate-payers would look very hard at those whom they had entrusted with the privilege of guarding their interests, and the next elections might show a distinct revival of interest on the part of the voters.

One often finds an advertisement for a clerk to a borough council, who must also be a barrister, in a small local paper, a piece of useless advertisement even worse than advertising for a scullery-maid or an assistant laundry-maid in the *TIMES*, *STANDARD*, and other expensive papers. Some of the morning contemporaries must draw a large revenue from the local councils in need of a workhouse attendant or an infirmity nurse, and some of these advertisements appear simultaneously, costing at least from £5 to £8, when the annual salary for the post amounts to about £16 to £20. This is extravagance, and the system compares badly with that of other big establishments such as hotels or schools, which need domestic servants. In



itself the matter is small, the expenditure little, but when all these points are considered together, they form an important item.

Nobody acquainted with municipal work is surprised to find the local printer and newspaper proprietor so much interested in election contests, particularly when borough elections take place. Printing contracts are very good business assets, especially if the local friends do not scrutinise the figures too closely, and at elections and contracting "kissing goes by favour." How many borough councils would risk accepting the lowest tender from somebody outside the voting area, particularly if it is a contract which does not attract much local attention? The printer is quite willing to keep the terms as secret as possible. Frequently the local printer also owns the local paper, and the advertising canvasser and paragraph writer (sometimes he is also called the editor) of this news sheet are one and the same man. Human nature, with its erring tendencies, added to the desire for many advertisements and a relative commission, can hardly be blamed for favouring those who keep the pot boiling, and the local newspaper thus becomes an agency for influencing the councillors and officials. The local reporter is apt to make it hot for those who oppose him. Sly allusions without foundation, and consequently without a chance of direct and open contradiction, can seriously damage a candidate. The borough officials—also only human, and therefore, not faultless—make mistakes sometimes, for which they do not desire to be publicly reproached, nor are they anxious to be the subject of the leading article. It happens thus, that the local newspapers receive all advertisements for tenders and situations, although they are often quite unsuitable for the purpose and do not reach

the people for whom these are intended. The officials claim to be impartial by treating all alike, forgetting that to the unfortunate ratepayer the treatment is unfair.

It would be possible to improve the conditions under which the borough councils exist by various means—for instance, by attracting a better type of representatives and by a more severe control over financial arrangements being kept by the electors, but these are only make-shifts and do not go to the root of the evil. Everything is so old-fashioned in English institutions that a somewhat drastic remedy for an evil is at once called a revolution. The cry of anarchy becomes loud when matters are shifted onward to keep step with universal progress. And all this in London, the centre of the universe, with a progressive central authority! The anomaly cannot be understood by outsiders and only few Londoners grasp the reason for this remarkable divergence of opinion. One thing however is plain enough: the London County Council election attracts much attention, and then the policy of both sides is carefully scrutinised by the daily press and a large number of people; the voting is for a policy represented by a party in which the individual is, to a certain extent, subordinate to the control of the people. The small areas of the borough councils, on the other hand, do not receive the same attention and this gives the solicitor, the builder and a few shopkeepers a chance to control the policy. Contracts go to friends, and, whether more expensive or not, all orders are given to electors, as a reward or a bribe, and not to the man who supplies the best quality for the cheapest price. A direct charge of bribery or corruption can seldom be brought home; it is only a co-operation between neighbours and friends, which costs

the rate-payers money. It is very well to employ local people and to purchase goods locally, as long as the difference in price is small; but a careful scrutiny or competition would frequently prove that the difference is far from small.

There is only one remedy for all these evils, which culminate in the over-taxation of the boroughs, and the sooner a reconstruction takes place, the better will it be for the over-burdened citizens of London. The boroughs ought to be centralised, all under one head for the whole of London; or, if this should be deemed too large, then two towns should be created, one north and one south of the Thames. To make of London one administrative whole under an authority like the London County Council would be bringing it up to the standard of the other so well managed capitals of Europe. The example might be followed with advantage, not only so far as administration, but so far as taxation also is concerned. It has frequently been proposed to equalise the London rates, to bring Paddington, the City, Bermondsey, Poplar, Woolwich, Kensington, Westminster and Hampstead, all under one rating authority, leaving the administration under the present representatives. This plan would not facilitate matters, but would be an aggravation of the evil. Now the local councils have to bear the onus of a rating authority and their expenditure is criticised from that standpoint. Should they be able to spend money without direct taxation, the localities would shift the responsibility on to the central taxation authority and other boroughs, never admitting they could have saved, only stating their wants and giving their supporters the full share of the revenue. It would certainly relieve the over-burdened and overcrowded river-side boroughs,

but it would not prevent a Westminster paving scandal, or the strangely short-sighted policy of the St. Pancras Council in permitting the widening of the Hampstead Road without the direct road rights for a tramway extension right on to Oxford Street. The borough councils have succeeded in making themselves as troublesome as possible to the central authority, and for this reason their creation has stultified itself. But why should the rate-payers be made to pay for the dislike of one set of municipal administrators towards another? And nobody can doubt that this has been the principal achievement of the borough councils.

London's wide area should be one town in fact as well as in name; the traditional geographical distinctions which have come down to us must be overridden. Sir John Gorst in a recent interview said, "Over every area I would have one authority and only one authority, with supreme powers of local taxation. I would accept the areas as at present constituted by county and county boroughs and a better demarcation could even be arrived at. Given the area to be what it is, I would then make the County or Town Council *all inclusive*. I would negative *ad hoc* in every department. Education, licensing, poor law, etc., would all be under the single, undivided control of one popularly elected council, working through committees." And then read Mr. H. G. Wells's lecture on "The Question of Scientific Administrative Areas in relation to Municipal Undertakings," given at a meeting of the Fabian Society, where his main point was that, unless municipal reformers go in for larger areas, the great trusts and others are likely to make the best profit out of the taxpayers' pockets. Towns are sprawling nearer towards

each other and soon will have to be linked together; the developments of the past century have rendered existing local areas inconvenient for all such purposes as tramways, lighting, water supplying, sanitation, education and poor law. The writer of *ANTICIPATIONS* believes the future will make matters worse and that the inconvenience will increase with the injustice of the rating system. Why the whole of London now existing as postal districts, and even a few adjacent districts such as Tottenham, West Ham, Ealing, Willesden and others included, should not be made one administrative town, is to him incomprehensible, and the contemplation of the undertaking need not make anyone dizzy. Under the guidance of a strong state department, in place of the overburdened and inadequate Local Government Board, it would easily be possible to arrive at a greater co-operation between local authorities lying contiguous to each other, and to get rid of the suspicion, jealousy and over-taxation which we now so often find.

The London County Councillor is a highly selected municipal representative and administrator, but even he can in time be more highly selected; the smaller areas can never command such talent. And is not Kensington interested in the sanitation of Whitechapel? Why should not both have the same dust bins and dust destructors and electrical generating stations? The inconvenience of municipal elections in London would disappear, and the government of London, in this respect, would become intelligible. An elector finds now that he is in one voting district for the County Council, another for the Borough Council, another for Parliament and yet another for the Board of Guardians. A change of this farcical

arrangement has long been promised, but after an introduction in Parliament, the bill was withdrawn. An attempt will probably be made to secure another next session, but there is little hope of its passing, since Parliament will have little or no time. Should the plan of larger areas for municipal authorities be adopted, it would automatically settle the matter and, such an arrangement once made, it could be agreed every decade to hold an enquiry for the adjustment of areas.

To-day the levying of borough rates and the administration of small areas cost a large percentage of the total income, the greater part of which could be saved. Instead of having, day after day, to ask for co-operation, to make enquiries and to settle differences between local bodies, a central council with sectional committees could do the work more economically and better. Away, therefore, with small local authorities; fuse the boroughs into a central London government with inclusive powers; attract the best administrative talents; prevent local cliques from managing other people's business; let supply and demand and not local considerations rule the conditions of contracts; make the administrative position an honoured one without titles; endow the men chosen with all powers under a suitable Government supervision—then you abolish jobbery, incompetence and the waste of the rates. High rates with no proportionate advantages, such as exist at present, are caused by mal-administration, by a wrong policy. Change the policy, make a Town of London, carefully choose the elected representatives and it is certain that the rates will not only decline, but will achieve better results for less money.

ALOYS N. ENMEL.

## HOPE.

THE shadowy thoughts in the dream  
 Of Eternity we,  
 The myriad motes in the beam,  
 Of the Ever to Be ;  
 But we dream that slow time shall absolve  
 The gold from the dust on a day,  
 And in mutable splendours dissolve  
 The motes in the ray.

This hope is the star of our night,  
 Scarce discernible, pale ;  
 That pierces with visual light  
 Life's shadowy veil.  
 Lone vista of orient skies  
 Old visions with beauty you crowned ;  
 They passed, and yet hope never dies  
 'Till Illusion is drowned !

The elusive delight of a dream,  
 Of the moon in a pond,  
 The light of a wandering gleam  
 That is ever beyond  
 The soul, that is drawn by the star,  
 Enrobing each thought in a glow  
 That is here, that is hence, then afar  
 Where no man may know.

Yet surely this star shall be ours !  
 Then time shall grow cold,  
 And grief shall be melted to flowers  
 For seraph to hold ;  
 Shades fairer than life from the tomb  
 Shall rise ; the empyrean throng,  
 And poets that died in the womb  
 Shall burst into song.

The thoughts shall be light in the dream,  
 The motes shall be bright in the beam,  
 And being be bliss !  
 And for this did Hope's wandering star  
 Through the wilderness lead us afar :  
 Aye, surely, for this !

## THE AMUSEMENTS OF THE PEOPLE.

THE statement that it is more important to be assured that the people has song-makers than that it has law-makers sounds at the first hearing like one of the exaggerations of a specialist, but there is in it a very considerable element of fundamental truth; we learn more of the people's characteristics by a study of its amusements than by a study of its more serious propensities. Yet is it undeniable that one half of the world does not know how the other half amuses itself. This is a pity for, however much we may scorn the amusements which are the delight of that vast class which for the purposes of this little article I propose to call the *people*, the fact remains that it is from a study of those amusements that we shall learn most clearly what the desires and aims of the people really are.

Now, by the people I mean that vast substratum of society which lies on the far side of the narrow line that in England divides the semi-detached from the houses in rows. Of this great class I would venture to say that it has only very recently learned that there is such a thing as amusement at all. In this respect its enlightenment has been curiously slow. It has lingered far behind its enlightenment with regard to social and political welfare, and even farther behind its enlightenment with regard to the acquiring of such accomplishments as contribute to the more skilful performance of the day's work, all of which is generally ranged under the head of technical education. But when we

come to the less materialistic question of amusement, or the spending of leisure generally, there is room for serious enquiry. It is simply astonishing that after thirty years, at least, of education acts the people should as yet have such a meagre idea of the sweetness of true amusement, and such a poor appreciation of the simpler delights which are available to all of us who have seeing eyes. We shall have but little difficulty in showing that the tendency in the class with which we are dealing is rather towards brute-beast methods of passing leisure, and that the amusements which allure it are not those which we care to regard as the amusements of men and women who are to form the backbone of the state.

In the great towns of what may be called the industrial area we find this to be strikingly characteristic. The men are brave, heroic men; they know what toil is; they have something of enlightenment in respect to the affairs of the world. They read their newspapers with a keen and intelligent interest. They borrow books and magazines from the libraries which happily abound, and their choice of books and magazines is not such as to raise the fear that the love of light literature has ousted all regard for serious reading. Indeed, we may go further in our estimate of the purposefulness of that portion of artisan life which is connected with the affairs of the world. The vast classes of artisans and workers have on not a few occasions wielded an immense influence

upon English politics. The peculiar enthusiasm which fires them in respect to any movement which attracts their ardour is remarkable, whether it be the abolition of the slave trade, the re-arrangement of the fiscal policy of England, or the extension of the franchise, for these are among the various opinions which at one time or another they have made their own—and they have lived to see England adopt them on the morrow. It may not be true, though the proverb says that it is, that Lancashire only acts as the pioneer to English thought, but it certainly is true that the industrial centres have an enormous influence upon the national life.

But should we care to predict in considering the lighter side of life, that is to say the leisure side of life, that the ideas of the Lancashire of to-day will become the ideas of the England of to-morrow? Lancashire (and under this name I include all the industrial area) has but a very vague idea of what amusement can be. The greyness of the atmosphere seems to have affected the moments which the artisan might call his own. We are apt to think, viewing the situation from the outside, that the mill-hand and the collier are persons who aim at the most riotous enjoyment on those occasions when the opportunity for enjoyment presents itself. As a matter of fact, the mill-hand and the collier, as a class, have but the poorest idea of enjoyment. It is well worth our while to examine with some closeness the life of Lancashire in this respect. Of course it is not to be pretended that enjoyment or amusement are matters which anyone can decide for another individual. "Each to his taste" is the essential law which governs such matters, and all we can do at present is to review these methods of spend-

ing leisure and to regret that they are not such as we rejoice to see. And, in spite of our regret, we must not make the mistake of thinking that by some effort we can immediately improve the taste of industrial England for forms of pleasure. Other influences are at work, and we need not be pessimistic, and patience is the virtue of virtues in this as in other things.

If we begin with the out-door sports we shall at the outset find much occasion for disappointment. It is not to be expected that men who work hard at physical labour should yearn to spend their leisure in physical exercise. But there is a healthy interest which might be taken in the physical exercises of others. For example, in the days gone by, when one village met another at cricket, there were among the spectators those who were quite as interested as the players themselves. Nowhere was this more characteristic of village life than in Lancashire and Yorkshire. Certainly the future Waterloo will not now be fought on the playing-fields of Lancashire and Yorkshire. The advance of the towns has prejudiced such games as cricket. Here and there an old-established club maintains its reputation by the aid of the wealthy inhabitants, but the cricket club which is supported by the workers, of which the workers are members, in which they take a vivid interest, is practically non-existent. Here and there a town sets aside a piece of land and calls it a park. It consists mostly of a green sward, which must not be walked on, a few sylvan corners, a rockery, and a lake for a couple of swans. It never or very rarely reaches the civic mind that a plain unadorned field where games might be played would be of far more value than the dainty imitation of



cheap rusticity. By the way it may be said in dealing with the question of parks, that they are certainly not used as day-by-day delights. On holidays and festivals they are crowded with children, but I have yet to see the park in an inland industrial town which is used to any considerable extent by the men and women for whom it was intended.

Returning to sport, however, we may discuss the football craze. This is peculiarly the out-door interest of the Lancashire man in the winter, and he flocks to witness the matches in his thousands and tens of thousands. Now it must at the beginning be recognised that the northern football team is exploited by a limited liability company, whose main object is to pay a dividend out of their receipts. Sometimes the club does not reach to this height but is financed by a few gentlemen in the neighbourhood, who may or may not desire to gain pecuniary benefit by the venture. One thing is certain in both cases, and it is this which offers the most serious objection to the delight which the artisan takes in the winter sport; there is in it always something of the nature of professionalism. In the bigger clubs it is quite frank and open. In the smaller clubs it is disguised a little, and a useful man is often employed by a patron of the club in some work which gives him leisure both for playing and practice, which is another way of paying him. This resolves itself into indirect professionalism. The consequence is that football has become not a sport, in the proper sense of the word, but a performance. It is exploited precisely as Punch and Judy are exploited. The players offer themselves to the highest bidder. They play this year for one club; the next year they may play for that club's bitterest opponents. There is

no such thing as a patriotic spirit, as we may say, for the player has not the slightest feeling of it, and I have heard a prominent player on leaving the field after a game blandly ask a spectator what the result of the game had been—such was his interest in the sport in which he had taken a prominent part. It is not therefore a matter for surprise that there are scandals. It was made public the other day that a leading professional team had permitted its opponents on a recent occasion to win the match in order that they might not be deposed from a position which was of great advantage from the standpoint of dividend-making. Such sport is no sport. The spectator has no guarantee of the genuineness of the contest. He pays his sixpence to see a game, and that is all he sees. But he never, nowadays, sees a battle royal for pre-eminence in physical prowess between men representing different neighbourhoods. The spirit which marks that type of contest is quite absent from the football match as football is played to-day.

Cricket is rapidly coming to be disregarded as a spectacle. The spectators declare that after a winter's football the summer game is far too slow. Certainly cricket has not yet become so defiled by professionalism, though there are inroads which are full of danger to the honour of the game. Athletic sports, once the greatest of attractions, have been so ruined by professionalism, and by the fact that the spectator is utterly unable to place his confidence in the genuineness of the running, that they have become a by-word. Here and there you may find a bowling green or a skittle alley, but unfortunately these have become so allied in the people's mind with the idea of the public-houses with which they are

connected that their popularity is prejudiced at the outset. It is commonly said that the few who still continue to be patrons of the two games in question are partial rather to the public-house than to the sport. This of course is grossly unjust, but it stands in the way of the general adoption of two eminently suitable games. An effort was made a few years ago to introduce an excellent game by the name of English baseball. It was founded largely on the American model, though it had several distinct improvements, and it had a great advantage over cricket in that it required less room and less appliances. Unfortunately it has died from sheer inanition. Handball, twenty years ago, was the most popular of Lancashire games, but now it is only played in rare instances where there happens to be a piece of waste land near to the gable end of a house. The bicycle has curiously failed to attract the class to which I am referring, largely perhaps because the country-side has not sufficient loveliness to invite people to ride forth and see it. Pigeon-flying, dog-fancying—these and other similar delights have now fallen upon evil days; in short it seems that in all matters touching amusement there is a spirit of lethargy abroad which is lamentable to observe and difficult to explain. If it points, as there are many who hold that it points, to a lethargic interest in life itself, the pity is all the more. It would seem that the keenness of the race for life exhausts the worker so that he has lost his zest for much that was outside the working-life of his fathers.

In one respect, however, there has been a striking change. The desire for the annual holiday has grown to such an extent that even the humblest worker strives that he may have his week at the sea-side with his family.

It is unhappily the case that this beneficial development has not yet met with the proper appreciation, for those who betake themselves to Blackpool or to the Isle of Man for the most part seek boisterous pleasures rather than the simpler joys which nature offers in such profusion. The singing booth, the oyster saloon, the variety theatre, the dancing palace, these are crowded, and but a small minority cares for the healthier walk by the shore or the invigorating tramp into the country. There is a good reason for this. At home the denizens of the crowded towns know nothing of good theatrical performances. They know that there is a place called the theatre in their little town, but often it is a mere tarpaulin-covered fabric, patronised by boys eager for sensational melodrama. And even these theatres, meagre though they be, are losing ground. One by one they are being changed into variety shows, a tribute to the general desire in the industrial area for pleasure which costs no effort in the reception. When the sturdy melodrama, with its foiled villainy, much hissed, and its triumphant virtue, much-applauded, ceases to allure, and men and women prefer the lion comique and the acrobat we may be sure that there is a spirit of boredom in the air. It is this spirit of boredom, of indifference, of sluggish somnolence which is the social feature most to be regretted in the life of our toilers.

Mr. William Watson sings of a "large and liberal discontent." We might do worse than see if there is not the material from which revolutions are made in the sombre recklessness of our populace to-day. If one remembers the German beer-garden, whither the artisan comes at eventide with his family that he may listen to the music, one is painfully struck by

the reflection that such a movement is not possible in England. There is the climate against it, they say, but in very truth there is more than the climate. There is the fatal fact that the people has not learnt how to find real recreation in the simpler delights which are offered to it. Museums and art galleries in the provincial towns are largely neglected by the class for which they were intended. Music, save the steam-organ which comes with the merry-go-rounds, is ignored. Some of the people may have pianofortes in their houses out of a desire to emulate in magnificence the furniture of their neighbours, but the fact remains that as a mass they do not care for music, and the daughter who learned to "play" forgets all about it so soon as she is able to add to the family exchequer by earning her livelihood. It is a pitiable picture, perhaps, but is there anyone who knows the life of the industrial area with any intimacy who will deny it? There has no doubt been improvement

in the material things of life, in wages, food, and bodily comforts, but there seems to have been actual retrogression in all that touches the recreation of the mind and the spirit.

In what way this can be met is one of the most difficult problems of the hour. It is easy to suggest specifics; most have been already suggested and most have already been tried. But that they have failed is beyond question. The Gallic sneer was that Englishmen take their pleasures sadly. We have attempted to rebut it as a slander upon our race. Is it not too true? Is it not the fact that the pleasures which Englishmen take are pleasures on the whole which are utterly lacking in the first element of pleasure? At least this is so in the case of the social substratum with which I have been dealing. Better a day at Hampstead with the coster than a cycle of Lancashire with the gloomy artisan and his fellows.

J. G. LEIGH.

## SOME OPINIONS OF A PEDAGOGUE.

THIS paper is not an *apologia* for the public schools, partly because the writer thinks they have virtues enough to dispense with one, and partly because he knows of defects for which no *apologia* can be found. There is no need however to be scared into a general confession because pelting these institutions has been much in fashion during the last six months. There will be at least nothing to put in their place, if public clamour should ever destroy them, whatever superiorities we concede to the system that ousts them. Meanwhile they should be very grateful for so much plain speaking; for mutual admiration societies are even graver obstacles to progress than the obsolete belief in classical studies.

IN TWELFTH NIGHT the clown tells us, "he is the better for his foes and the worse for his friends"; and his justification of the phrase will serve public schools as well as some other institutions—"My friends praise me and make an ass of me." One does not like classing that charming novelist, Mr. W. E. Norris, among such friends, but when in a recent novel he talks of those who "*ignorantly* decry the prominent place assigned to athletics in our national system of training," he must be told that it is not ignorance but an excess of painful knowledge, which he happily does not possess, that thus complains. Any one may feel with the hero of this novel "a vicarious enthusiasm with regard to the harmonious working of eye and hand," when a young friend distinguishes himself athletically, but his transport is some-

what abated if he finds the young friend so steeped in athletics that he can talk and think of nothing else. Mr. Norris's novels are the best evidence in the world that he does not find the man with one idea interesting; and those who deplore the prominence given to athletics are so much of his mind that what they chiefly dread is that the public schools should indefinitely multiply those uninteresting persons.

But enemies are more important than friends, and the Latin proverb does not put the case strongly enough when it bids us learn *even* from them; there is no one of the numerous counsel for the prosecution but provides us with valuable lessons. It is true the things said have not been new things; but truths known to ourselves when made public property by our enemies have a much sharper sting than an easily seared conscience can give them. A little of this cruelly wholesome diet (if we may mangle a famous sentence of Junius) will soon recover the public schools from the delirium of "old-boys' dinners"; the eulogistic dulness of speech-days will be silent; and even the venal muse (presumably school-magazines), though happiest in fiction will forget their virtues. Quotation however generally over-shoots the mark, and in this case the cruel enemy is often generous in his award of moral virtues; it is only when he comes to those virtues which are connected with schools as places that cater for the mind that he finds they have no reason for existence. One sees that there are not wanting facts to give plausibility

to such a contention. One feels that to choose such famous words as "mind moves the mass" for a school motto, would, while the *political* constitution of our schools is what it is, be the suggestion of a cynic, or of one who does not know the scale of school values, the curious climax of school duties, and "*what little things are great to little men.*"

That damaging estimate being admitted, there is no need to assume that because the intellect might be more ceremoniously treated it is literally starved; or that a wholesale blunder is being made about the diet provided. And why, one may ask, does the enemy assume so often that a literary diet is provided with the object of making everybody a man of letters? "What is impossible can never happen—at least very rarely"! This truth, impressed upon Dean Hook by a sermon he heard in his youth, would seem to have good authority; and even schoolmasters know that it is equally rare to make a man of letters out of the average schoolboy. And, if they were fatuous enough to believe it possible, no percentage of disappointments, no dose of hellebore or dose of good advice could cure them of the belief, so that all appeals would be idle, and all discussion fruitless. Literary study is a discipline and a very valuable one, but that is a very different thing from the acquisition of a literary sense, which can only come, if it comes at all, at a much later stage. A familiar mathematical text-book provides in its preface a far saner and far sounder view of the different objects pursued by education. "A very small proportion" (so the sentence runs) "of those who study elementary geometry and study it with profit, are destined to become mathematicians in any special sense." Of course not! A mathe-

matician or a man of letters—even a man with a literary sense—has a pursuit. An elementary study is not a pursuit and may never reach the stage of a pursuit. Apart from the discipline of language and the faculties evoked thereby, the education of books is sufficiently authorised as a general training for average humanity by Johnson's defence of it—"A man is an astronomer or geometer by accident, but he is a moralist always."

But here again we cheerfully agree that there is plenty of education to be got without books, and some that no books can give. The best educated man is a person we can all recognise. He is seen to be making the most intelligent use of life, and no one is at pains to ask what aids to reflection he has chosen to employ. Only it must not be forgotten that books have this recommendation, among others, that they considerably enlarge the personal experience of those who have few other opportunities of enlarging it, and when these opportunities come they are better prepared for them. Moreover the humane education so liberally provided by books never spoils the pleasure of those so educated when they are in the society of men who owe nothing to books. This is not unimportant. There is a sense in which Menander's great maxim, "Choose equality," which so strongly appealed to Matthew Arnold, is easier of application for those who have had what is called a literary education than for any other.

The mate of a ship is generally a man of an intelligent and sympathetic type; and it is no paradox to say that an acquaintance with books properly so called is a better preparation even for that kind of intimacy than a course of navigation and logarithms. It would be superfluous to qualify this position by admitting that not all the intelligent uses of life

can be learned from books ; for the most intelligent mates, as a rule, have small knowledge of them. All that is contended for is the contention of a statesman of old days who had a fair number of *practical* successes—that words are no hurt to action, or, we may add, to the acquisition of other knowledge than that of words. The great Duchess of Marlborough's books were, we know, men and cards—she wanted no others. But when a Latin poet held his famous two-line brief for books, the beneficent effects he mentioned were such as the wildest spirit of unscrupulous malignity never discovered in the great Sarah. It was never said of her that her manners were softened and were not suffered to be brutal. Darwin, his biographer tells us, deplored the six years he wasted at Shrewsbury, and that fact alone, it might be urged, should give pause to those who prefer to stand upon the ancient ways. But should it? For an equable and humane tone in controversy (a thing rare enough anywhere, and not least rare perhaps among men of science) Darwin stands unrivalled—unless Sir Thomas Browne might be ranked with him. And those who pin their faith to the Latin saw which connects books and manners may be forgiven for thinking those six years were not all sheer waste.

If it be said that in all that is here put forward there is a calm assumption of the very point disputed by most adversaries—that a boy comes away with a book or books that he has made his own, the answer is that the assumption, if there be one, is something much less imposing. It is not pretended that more than a very small minority come away with anything but fragments. Still anyone who knows anything about boys or schools would say that they are *fragmenta aurea* to most of those wh

retain them. The adversary who has had no first-hand experience of schools will of course never agree to that. He prefers to dwell on what undoubtedly exists, the average boy's rooted antipathy to knowledge as such ; and this he thinks is intelligible in the public schools, as they have such uninteresting work to do. Apparently before we can justify classical education we must be able to report third form boys as crying out with all the enthusiasm of the late George Lang, "What does a man want as long as he has got his Caesar?" We used to be told that there was no royal road to learning and that sheer drudgery must be endured if we were ever to taste its pleasures. But now little books and little pictures and little vocabularies gild the pill of learning at every stage—a method procuring the double advantage of degrading both the pupil and the subject, to say nothing of the teacher. The writer of this paper gratefully recalls an example of the older and better type. He was condoling with a pupil who began Greek late on the drudgery of learning verbs, and promising interesting things further on—"I find it interesting now," said the pupil. One could only murmur with a modern Latin poet, *O vires raras indomitamque gulam!*

It may be frankly admitted that many have suffered from being kept to literary studies when they might have pursued scientific ones to greater advantage. But what we hear on all hands about the average Englishman is that he is indifferent to the things of the mind, and the average boy is said to be actively hostile to them. It is not therefore *a priori* very probable that the average boy, who resents as an outrage being asked to think, will at once passionately desire initiation into that uncongenial and disheartening process, only because



observation and experiment have taken the place of what, to please him and the late Mr. Bottles, we will call "antiquated rubbish." And we have some *a posteriori* evidence. Not a few teachers of science have (most ungratefully) confessed themselves disappointed with the pleasure in experiments evinced by boys who have proved themselves unable or unwilling to think. Four or five months ago Mr. Punch (not it is to be hoped an apocryphal authority) mentioned some distinguished person as having recommended good fiction (naming Scott and George Meredith) for reading-books in some primary schools where the reading-books were of a very puerile order. Those who know nothing of primary schools should not speak of them; but those who know public schools may hazard the conjecture that if third forms were given the first chapter of ONE OF OUR CONQUERORS to read, the literary beauties, or rather the charming simplicities of their Cæsar and their Ovid would open to their mind as they had never opened before. It is surely a strange optimism to suppose that the "happy English child" is made less unhappy by difficult science or even by difficult English than by difficult Latin.

When we come to dwell on failings which have been the most open of secrets since the public schools were important enough and representative enough to be much talked about—a period of little more than sixty years—we shall find that the true bill found against them can be summed up in a single phrase coined by their ingenious and injurious foes. "Professional schoolboyism" is indeed a name (and we can all call names), but unfortunately this is a name for something that exists. The modest and learned ignorance which Gibbon talks of is a splendid thing; and the

ignorance which is modest without being learned is a very creditable thing—the ignorance which confesses the interest and importance of things it does not know. But the schoolboy here indicted is a stranger to both kinds. *Amant longa otia culpam*, which here may be freely rendered: Long disuse of thinking has made thinking discreditable. The view ascribed to him is that study is a trivial and unmanly interlude interrupting more magnanimous occupations.

Without ceasing to believe in those *fragmenta aurea* before spoken of, or in the boys who carry them away from school, we may admit that this is a type which is beyond question familiar. Professional schoolboyism divides its contemporaries into "those who are good at work and those who are good at games," with a fine accent of contempt for the first. And if the whole merit of those others were covered by the word *work*, their contempt would be easier to justify; for studious industry by itself is not a thing to attract those who have no capacity for it. The sad thing is that the desire to speak and write better than the uneducated should not seem a commendable desire, that there should be indifference to all that educated people mean by education—thinking justly and widely, speaking and writing lucidly, an imagination enlarged, a vocabulary possessing some fulness and variety. The weakness alleged, it would seem, is due to a sort of tyranny of the majority—to the professional view that the school is everything, the individual nothing. This on the face of it sounds really magnanimous—Hellenic if we choose to call it so, or even devoutly Christian—*qui querit privata amittit communia*, which in its context seems to mean: private aims may easily destroy public discipline. Unfortunately *we mortal*

millions live alone; and our morals are not more helped in some cases by remembering Thomas a Kempis's aphorism than our intellect in all cases by remembering Matthew Arnold's: and the help so received does not end with the intellect either. It is possible to have many talents and yet a self so attenuated that it can be said of the man or boy, "when he is gone, there wants one, and there's an end." That can easily happen at the public schools, even with those who have abilities and acquirements, for the majority are not encouraged by their traditions to think of the things they call work as things that can profit or deliver, much less things "that share our wakeful nights, that walk with us at home and travel with us abroad." If boys begin school life with the germs of such a sentiment, with a real self perhaps, it is difficult for it to live in such an atmosphere, say the critics, not without plausibility. With the friendly forcing of the domestic hot-house in the holidays, it may occasionally acquire some new vitality, but even then it will only "do good by stealth and blush to find it fame."

There is too much truth in this picture, but a long experience has many exceptions to be grateful for—an experience which recalls with shame a belated acquaintance with White's *NATURAL HISTORY OF SELBORNE* and Leigh Hunt's *ESSAYS*, made even then on the recommendation of boys, and not distinguished boys either. It also recalls a passionate fourth form admirer of Disraeli who read all his novels in one term. This reading was no doubt the reverse of helpful to his work, but he seemed to think it made for his soul's health; and after all in mature life everybody blunders in hunting for his real self at some time or another, and this youth had a real self to hunt for. His contemporaries

called him mad. If he was, it is a pity he did not bite them. They would have been the better for a touch of his ailment. But such exceptions, and every schoolmaster has been cheered by many of them, are not enough to disarm an enemy, though they are sufficiently numerous to keep us from despairing of the public schools. And just because despair means exaggeration we can afford to make the critics a present of the worst cases. It is, alas! too common a thing to be reading with a form a great book, full of great things, bright things, witty things, on which some emphasis has been laid and to see boys who looked as if it were almost an insult to their self-respect to suppose that they could be interested; and to see others moved with a sort of divine compassion for the teacher as who should say, "Is the game worth the candle? Surely not to us! For the English whom we represent in our mature youth are a serious people. There is no harm in all this, but what trifles words are! The political or public life is all that should arrest our serious selves." This is the type that made the late Latin professor at Oxford (himself a public school man) say of a distinguished pupil, "You see he has great advantages. He came up older [morally as well as literally he meant] than the other men, and he was never at a public school."

What people mean by this is of course that the last years at school and the first at college are all of a piece, and that in both the average schoolboy is the slave of youthful conventions. It is the last word that is all important, the head and front of the damaging confession. There may be intellectual interest scattered up and down a school, even a liberal distribution of it, but it must never,

so the convention rules, be taken seriously. Things are cut sharp as by an axe, in spite of the philosopher, and there are only two spheres recognised by public opinion, games and work, of which the second cannot be allowed any public status, but must be carefully tabooed. This is really the only alarming part of the indictment against the public schools—it counts for far more than any attack on studies or method of teaching. What it says and says truly has been best phrased for us by Sir Thomas Browne, "*Nos numerus sumus* is the motto of the multitude and for that reason they are fools."

When the philosophers bid us follow nature, we do well with Rasseles to ask them what they mean by it, and they are not more likely to satisfy us than the prince of Abyssinia. In this case we must do much more than refuse to follow nature, we must in the interest of the public schools, fight her to the last gasp, for she is their friend only in their worst moments.

So careful of the type she seems,  
So careless of the single life.

That same type need give loyal dispositions no anxiety—it will outlast them whether for good or ill; it is a robustious periwig-pated fellow; it is no sensitive plant, suffering with every change of temperature. But the single life—that is a fragile creature which takes very little killing. Once we let it be crushed by its overbearing neighbour, and the boys of England or such part of them as inhabit public schools may tell their genius or their guardian angel (for a self is a protecting as well as a protected thing) that his occupation is gone—that "he is a very dull fellow and that they desire no more of his acquaintance."

"Nature acts very seriously and in

very good earnest whether we men be so or no," so seriously that nothing is gained by exaggeration, or by such alliterative amenities as scientific sciolisms or public perils. We have no need

To call the Gods with vulgar spite  
To vindicate our helpless right,

partly because they would not listen to us, and partly because it is not helpless.

A passion for science, like other intellectual passions, is seldom short of magnanimity; a scientific lawyer like Sir Henry Maine, after demolishing Rousseau's law, logic and history, will not leave him without a splendid tribute to his humanity. Magnanimity in things intellectual may be defined in the Pauline phrase as the spirit of power, of love, and of a sound mind, and no scientific man with these three things is likely to be really hostile to education by literature whatever he may say of the public schools. It is otherwise with some of their humbler and more malignant enemies. They can be described but they cannot be argued with (one might as well argue with Mrs. Gallup and try to convince her that Shakespeare and Ben Jonson did not have their verses done for them by a disinterested lawyer who suppressed his name). To such people the utility of science appeals, never its beauty; and when they talk of literature they mean books, any books. They can see that,

Ball who was so poor at Greek  
Is very rich at Canton,

and this is all that they can see on the educational question. They fee that public opinion is unsteady on such questions, and they are anxious to be on the winning side. And again they resent the privilege

of "knowing the bad by the rule of the good," which comes of literary education and which more than anything else distinguishes one man from another: for they feel rightly enough that, while the public schools retain the old traditions, there is every chance of this aristocratic privilege surviving. And so they foster a demand for a spurious equality in which no man shall presume to have any tastes and interests that his fellows cannot share. In this way they get up a cry which is wonderfully effective with the half-educated, that the triumphal car of progress cannot travel at the proper speed (make the proper running they would say) because it has to drag after it the relics of ancient civilisation: and meantime they do not know what civilisation means, ancient or modern—or worse, they *do* know but dare not say, lest they should disparage that educational watchword of every democracy but the Athenian—"small profits and quick returns."

Wordsworth said some very severe things about his fellow countrymen. He told them their civilisation was a "fen of stagnant waters," and asked where was their "heroic wealth of hall and bower?" He knew how much of it they had sacrificed, but he also knew that there was some left, that they still had the traditions of literature, and thinking of this he changes his note: *These* were their "titles manifold."

It may be no news to the representatives of the public school *type* that they are of earth's best blood, have titles manifold; but they will do well to remember that, for Wordsworth at least, an Englishman's right to that boast comes only from the great names in his literature—from those *single lives* which have made their country's fame, and consecrated for ever her children's right to a literary education as their inalienable heritage.

SIDNEY T. IRWIN.

## A TOILER'S ROMANCE.

Two men sat by the fire and talked. Their conversation had lasted so long that from homely, familiar topics they had wandered to other things. At present they were discussing beer and its effect on the peerage. "I hate mushrooms," announced Sir Anthony testily. "Give me good oak, even if it grows by a ditch."

"But surely," argued the other, "you cannot disapprove of the infusion of fresh blood into the House of Lords?"

"Infusion of fiddlesticks! What is wrong with the blood of the House of Lords? What sort of an improvement do you expect from your brewers? I tell you, Martin, that I have no patience with these penny-farthing upstarts, and I would sooner see my little girl marry any farmer who does his work like a man than one of them."

Upon which Martin reflected once more that his host was a man of violent opinions, and discreetly changed the subject.

## I.

It was a glorious day of June with a clear sky, bright sun, and just the suspicion of a breeze. Down the long meadow came four men, each being behind and to the right of the one in front so that, while the first was close to the hedge, the last was some little distance from it. With bent backs and slow swaying steps they came, the scythes swinging evenly, now in unison, now in broken intervals, now in unison again. Before them the tall thick grass

bowed and bent beneath the gentle breeze; behind them it lay in heavy even swathes, loading the air with the incense of its sacrifice. They had covered rather more than half the length of the meadow when the second man, a stumpy, grizzled old fellow with the regular agricultural fringe of grey whisker called a halt.

"Steady on mate," he said to the leader, "let's have blowin's a minute. We're not all so young as you."

The one addressed stopped, straightened himself up and bent to and fro a few times to take the stiffness out of his back; then with the handle of his scythe resting on the ground, he stood leaning on it with one arm along the back of the glistening blade, and the others more or less followed his example. He was, in spite of his evident youth, a fine figure of a man already, tall and stalwart with an honest, open yet strong and determined face, fair hair and blue eyes. There was about him too a subtle indefinite difference from the other men, but it would have been hard to fix on a cause for it. Perhaps it lay in his entire lack of the shambling looseness of build which so characterises the farm labourer of east Kent, or it may have been in the unusual neatness of his person. At all events, there it was, and it marked him at once to even the most casual observer. Down in the village they sneered at him with the sourness of secret envy, but that did not trouble Dick Hilton much—very few things did.

Presently, having rested and cooled

down sufficiently they set to their toil again. Almost at the top of the meadow a footpath ran across it from the stile placed in a gap in the hedge. As the men came on with their heads bent, they naturally would not observe anyone who might pass to or fro along it, but when the leader was almost up to the stile, and his scythe was cutting through the grass on the very edge of the narrow path, he became aware of someone standing there, and looking up found himself face to face with as fair a vision as any man could wish to see. A girl, hardly more than a child, stood on the lowest step of the stile, evidently waiting till they should be past to go on her way. She was dressed very simply in white with a broad shady hat of some soft straw. Over her shoulders there fell a rippling mass of dark-brown hair; and a pair of merry brown eyes looked out from under the long even lashes. Taken together with the bright colour of perfect health, a very firm little mouth and straight little nose, the whole formed a picture of surpassing delight, so that whoever saw her would carry away a memory that must ever afterwards be a happy thought and pleasant recollection—if nothing more. All this Dick Hilton took in at a moment's glance, and stepped back instantly to let her pass. She just lifted her eyes to his for a moment, dropped them again, and with a softly-spoken "Thank-you" went lightly forward, leaving him rooted to the spot, and blushing to the roots of his hair. Seeing that he had stopped, the others did likewise and gazed after the retreating figure.

"Purty gal that," said one.

"Y'r right there," said another.

"Who is she?"

"Ol' Sir Anthony's darter. She's the only one he's got, an' 'e's that

precious fond of her—" The sentence was left unfinished in the usual indeterminate fashion, and Hilton having recovered from his confusion, which happily none of the others had noticed, set to work again. By the time they had reached the top of the meadow and turned back to the bottom to begin again, the girl was nearly out of sight across the next field, but at least one pair of eyes shot a last furtive glance after her.

For the rest of that day Dick Hilton was unusually silent, but worked like a man possessed, so that the others had to pull him up continually, not having the inclination to keep pace with him. When work was over he walked back alone to the cottage where he lived, and after tea went out again and did not re-appear for nearly two hours. His landlady imagined that he had gone "up the village" to see some one, or perhaps to the Duke's Head, but she was mistaken. He had wandered away by himself into the fields, and coming at last to a certain spot where he knew he would be undisturbed, he had thrown himself down on the grass in a fit of mental abstraction, which was in itself an unusual thing for a farm labourer to do; but then he was not by any means an ordinary labourer. To begin with, he was not one of those children of the soil whose ancestors have toiled on the land before them for countless generations. His father had been a younger son of a large landowner in another part of the country, and had discredited himself with his parents by marrying beneath him. Cut off from all hopes of an inheritance, and forced to earn his own living, he had taken a position as bailiff on a farm in this very neighbourhood, and Dick had been sent to the village school with all the other children of the parish. Afterwards he had worked through



the various stages of the budding farm labourer until he arrived at the dignity of the finished article, with no particular prospect of ever being anything else. His mother had died when he was quite a child; when he was eighteen his father had followed her, and now he had for the last two years been standing alone in the world, without any kith or kin that he knew of, and hardly ever troubling himself with anything that lay beyond the narrow horizon of his daily life.

But now everything seemed different. A passing glance, a murmured word, and a picture that he could never forget had changed the whole aspect of life for him, and he felt that it could never be the same again. These things so little in themselves had called to him, and, perhaps without his quite realising it, had given the first stimulus to his latent ambition and dormant energy, demanding that from henceforth he should live for them, toil for them, and perhaps in the end cast all the fruits of his labours before them, an unavailing sacrifice, only he did not as yet see clearly into the distance. After a long time he rose, and walked half a mile further through the fields till he came to a fence that bounded a wide-spreading park. Far away among the trees the white walls of Sir Anthony Hallam's stately home gleamed in the light of the rising moon. He stood gazing at it for a while, and then went back to his home, to pass the night in dreaming many strange things.

The next day when work was done he gave himself an extra wash, put on a better coat, and went off up the hill to where the village school stood close by the old grey church. At work in his garden he found the schoolmaster, a tall man with a kindly face, but bent and worn and

grey beyond his years by the thankless, heart-breaking toil of a country school. He looked up from his French beans as his visitor entered the gate, and came across to shake hands with him. "How are you, Dick?" he said. "Splendid weather for the hay, isn't it?"

But putting aside all such mundane matters as the weather and the crops, the young man went straight to the point, and for over half an hour they talked in the garden, while the everlasting miracle of the sunset was performed once more behind the western hills.

"Well," said the schoolmaster at last, "you will want some books. Shall I get them for you?"

"If you wouldn't mind."

"Not at all. Come in a minute, will you? I think I have some catalogues that will tell us just what we want." For half an hour more they talked over price lists of different educational firms, and at last Hilton rose to go. "I shall have the books down in about a week," said the other, "but we may as well start at once. Can you come up to-morrow night?"

"Yes."

"Very well, come at eight then, will you?"

"All right; and, I'd rather pay in advance."

"Just as you like, there's no need unless you would rather. Well, as you will. I am only too glad to be of any use to you. Good-night."

"What did that young man want?" asked the schoolmaster's wife when he went in to supper.

"He is going to qualify himself for a bailiff's position," was the reply; "and I am to teach him arithmetic and book-keeping and land-measuring and all the rest; so he is coming up here for an hour three evenings a week; I am to have two

pounds a quarter for it, and he has paid the first in advance."

"What a blessing! Now I can pay the butcher to-morrow!"

"Yes. I wish I could find a few more like him, we could have a regular evening school. Why, we might get permanent technical instruction classes in time! It would be the making of the place." And so on and so on all through the supper time. Even a village school-master can see visions in the future.

## II.

February, cold bleak February, with the bitter wind and stinging rain which chill one through and through, and which yet are things of joy, for are they not driving away the last ridge of snow from under the sheltering hedgerows, and do they not proclaim that the winter is passing?

On a dull grey day when the distant landscape was blurred by the driving mist of fine rain, Dick Hilton was busily going about his work. He was bailiff now on the farm where he had been a labourer, and he had held the position for two years past, for it was now the fourth year since that memorable June day. His work was hard and incessant, and holidays were things unknown, but he did not mind that, and when his long days were over he would spend hours in reading and studying those things which he thought would be of use to him now or in the future, until he knew as much about the theoretical and scientific side of farming as he did about the practical and homespun, and that was not a little. This day he was up and about soon after six as usual and, as it was too dark to do anything out of doors he spent the first hour in settling up the farm accounts for the week. After a hurried breakfast

at seven he went out and paid a visit of inspection in the immediate neighbourhood of the farm buildings, and then set off to a distant field to see about some work that was being done. At half-past eight he was back again, and then went across the road from the farmyard to a meadow in which were some of the sheep. The meadow was dotted with erections of straw thatched hurdles—"wattle-gates" we call them—for the early lambs had begun to arrive, and shelter was badly needed. He went round to each of these arrangements to see that they were so firm and strong that there was no danger of their being torn up by the fierce wind. At last, having seen to all the rest, he turned to go over to one which stood by itself in a corner of the meadow. A sick sheep lay there; she had seemed very ill last night when he had paid his last visit with a lantern, and he hurried to see how she was now.

There is hardly a more pitiful sight that meets the farmer's eye than a lamb, only a few days old, beside the body of its dead mother. The poor ungainly little thing seems so utterly at a loss to understand what is the matter, and its distress must touch even the most accustomed. Hilton felt very sad as he took the extra hurdle he had brought last night for a little more protection, and placed it across the entrance to keep out the others, and then gently picked up the lamb and carried it away. The farmer in him hated losing a sheep, and the man was sorry for the death of the animal, the more so as he had done all in his power for her. But he had not gone more than half the distance across the meadow to his house when he saw two figures coming towards him that made him forget all about the sheep and the

lamb too, while his heart beat so furiously that he could hardly breathe, and it needed a great effort to walk calmly on. For the tall grey-headed old man with the keen, kindly face was Sir Anthony Hallam, the largest landowner for miles around, and with him was his daughter, the girl of the vision of June, whom for all these years he had silently worshipped from afar. But now she smiled brightly as the old baronet nodded in response to his bared head, and greeted him cheerily.

"Good morning, Hilton. Nasty weather for the lambs. What's that one? Mother dead?"

"Yes, Sir Anthony, I am going to take it home. Do you want me?"

"Yes, I want to ask you something. Are you a fixture here, in your present position?"

Hilton looked at him hardly comprehending. "A fixture?" he repeated. "No, not if I get the chance of something better," he said simply.

"Very good. Then, that being the case, how would you like to come to me?"

"Come to you, sir?" said Hilton still puzzled. What could Sir Anthony want with a farm bailiff?

"As my steward." Too astonished to speak, Hilton stared at him for a moment, and he went on. "You see Vickers is leaving me in a month, going to marry and start on his own account, and I have had my eye on you for some time, and I have come to the conclusion that I could not get a better man if I advertised all over England, so the place is yours for the taking."

"I thank you very much, Sir Anthony," he replied, speaking slowly, for in his amazement it was difficult to find words. "I need hardly tell you how honoured I feel, and it means

more to me than I can say. But I don't know that I am competent for such a post."

"But I am sure you are, and that settles it! I should not have asked you unless. Come now, will you take it?"

"I will, sir, certainly, if——."

"I'm glad to hear it," broke in Sir Anthony cutting short Hilton's doubts. "Well, you are a busy man and so am I, so we will not stay longer now. Can you come across and see me about nine this evening?" Hilton promised to do so. "Very well, we can talk over matters then, and get everything settled. Good morning, Hilton."

"Good morning, Sir Anthony."

He held open the gate of the meadow for them. As they passed through the girl stopped and gently rubbed the woolly head of the lamb which Hilton carried. "Poor little thing," she said, "how lonely it looks." Then she went on to join her father leaving him standing still by the gate. As they went up the hill Sir Anthony said, "Well Marjorie, I hope you are satisfied now."

"Yes, daddy," was the reply, "and what is more I believe you are too."

"Well, yes, I think I am."

Till they were out of sight Dick Hilton stood looking after them as though in a kind of trance; and then feeling the lamb move in his arms, he took it indoors to his housekeeper, who immediately set about making some milk warm for it, while he went out and about his business once more. And as he performed each of the accustomed toilsome duties the sense of the reality of his good fortune rose in him like the tide, flooding his whole being with a thankful joy that was almost too much to bear.

## III.

It was an evening of August, calm, clear and warm with the sun slowly sinking towards the west, as Hilton walked up the avenue that led to Sir Anthony Hallam's house, tired out with a long day's work. To be sure he might have driven, but the house where he now lived was not far off, and his horse was, if anything, more tired than he was.

For four years and six months he had been Sir Anthony's steward, and the time had left its mark on him in lines about the mouth and eyes which showed how the years had been spent, and spoke of strenuous toil and patient silent service. It had been a hard, but in the main a happy time. His work had been plentiful and often difficult, but that did not matter to him; the more complex and tedious it was the more he threw himself into it, till his employer wondered at his powers and was increasingly thankful that he had found such a man to serve him. What made his position hard was the very thing that gave him his chief happiness—his association with Marjorie Hallam. For now he met her almost every day, on terms of greater equality with each succeeding year, and it was very difficult at times to smother the flames that burned so continually within him, and it often needed all his powers of self-control to keep his voice and hand steady, lest by any chance they should betray him. Of late too there had been a change in her attitude towards himself which troubled him. Her old manner of frank friendliness seemed to have vanished, and to have left a kind of timid reserve which he found hard to bear and impossible to understand. However, there was no help for it; he could not alter it, much less enquire the cause of it, so he bore it as best

he could, and worked harder than ever.

When he reached the house he was shown up at once to Sir Anthony's study, and some ten minutes later the old baronet himself came in. "Here you are then, Hilton," he said. "I am sorry I could not come before, Martin has been here, chattering everlastingly as usual. Well, what have you been doing to-day? Two men's work I suppose. Are those the plans for the new cottages? Let's see what Johnson has done for us this time." Then for the next half hour the talk was of business, deeply interesting to the interested, but hardly so to the mere outsider. When at last it was over, Hilton was rising from his chair when his employer laid a hand on his shoulder and made him sit down again.

"I want you to stop and have dinner with us to-night," he said; "for one thing, I believe that if you don't you will go back to your place and get to work again, and I can't allow that; you do too much as it is; and for another reason, Marjorie and I are all alone and we want some one to liven us up a little."

"Then I fear you have chosen the wrong person, Sir Anthony. You should have kept Martin, he would have been far more entertaining. Besides, I haven't so much as looked at soap or a towel since this morning, to say nothing of my being in these things."

"It's no use for you to make excuses. There's plenty of soap here and you shall have all the towels you can use, and, as I have said, there will only be the three of us. Martin indeed! When I want a gramophone I'll buy one." With which declaration of independence the old gentleman rang the bell, and, when the placid footman appeared, handed Hilton over to him with the informa-

tion that he had just a quarter of an hour till dinner time. The footman took him off to a dressing-room, supplied hot water, and left him to wash to his heart's content.

Just as he had finished the gong sounded and he went out to go down to the dining room. On the landing he met Marjorie Hallam. "Oh, Mr. Hilton," she said, "I am glad that father persuaded you to stay. He said he would try."

"There was not much persuasion about it, Miss Hallam," he replied laughing, "not in the gentler sense of the word at any rate. Sir Anthony fairly commanded me to stay, and I confess I am glad he did, for in my present state I should hardly have cared to otherwise."

"You speak as though dinner here was a kind of court function. It's a good thing he did use the imperative mood if you are so extremely punctilious!"

They went down-stairs together and found that Sir Anthony was already in the drawing-room. During dinner they talked chiefly on matters concerning the estate, of which the girl knew as much as either of them, for, since her mother died six years ago, she had been her father's constant companion, and often when the two men found themselves in a dilemma they went to her for advice. It was a very pleasant little dinner, and Hilton thoroughly enjoyed it. They were not in the great dining-room but in a smaller, and they sat at a round table that was just the right size for three. The windows faced the west, and the room was lighted up by the glory of the sunset, and it shone full on the girl's face as she sat, and he found himself constantly watching her while he thanked Heaven that he had come so near to her as this. To-night too the reserve which had troubled him was gone,

and if her manner was not quite the same as it had been, it was even more charming, and he rejoiced in it.

After dinner they continued their conversation in the drawing-room for some time, and then Sir Anthony went off to his study, declaring that there was an article in the *Times* that he must read. The two went on talking for a few minutes, and then there came a silence. Marjorie rose from her place and went to the French window which stood open, and Hilton joined her. "How beautiful it is," she said, "shall we go out on the terrace for a little while?" Without waiting for an answer she crossed the threshold into the gentle twilight, and he followed, his heart beating wildly; he had never been alone with her quite like this before, and he prayed that he might have strength to control himself.

They paced slowly up and down together, and with every passing minute they seemed to draw nearer to each other, till it was almost more than he could bear, and looking up at him, she saw that his face was very white. "You are working too hard, Mr. Hilton," she said gently, "I am sure of it; you look quite ill to-night. You really must take care of yourself, for I don't know what we should do if anything happened to you. Why don't you go for a little holiday? We could manage somehow for a fortnight or so."

"It is very kind of you to suggest it, Miss Hallam," he replied, "but I assure you there is nothing the matter with me, and if I had a holiday I should not know what to do with it. As long as I can be of use to Sir Anthony and you I am perfectly happy, and don't wish for anything else whatever."

As he said this, she glanced up at him quickly, and then answered, "I



think it is very nice of you to say that, seeing how hard father works you. But at the same time I think you know how highly he values your services. He often says to me that the bare thought of your ever leaving us makes him feel miserable."

"He need have no fear of my ever doing that. Such a thought has not once entered my head. Sir Anthony took me very much on trust, and I should be ungrateful indeed if I were to forget it. I am glad to think that he finds me useful, and if we part it will not be my doing."

They came to the end of the terrace, and stood there, looking far across the park to the fields beyond, rolling away to the horizon, now standing out dark against the last afterglow of day. But Hilton felt none of the calm of that quiet evening. He was torn by a struggle so terrible that his whole body shook with it, and he leaned against the stone balustrade for support. If she only knew how hard it was for him! But it seemed that she was determined to make it harder, for she laid a timid little hand on his arm, and with the other she indicated the scene before them. "Look," she said very softly, "are you not sorry for me? All this will—will be mine, some day. What shall I do then? Will you still help me?"

He turned round and faced her. "Miss Hallam," he said, and his voice shook even as did his body, "till the hour of my death I can have no greater happiness than in serving you while I may. But for the love of Heaven have pity on me! Don't drive me to say that which I must not!"

"You talk of pity," she replied, the merciless sweetness of her voice piercing him through and through. "Have you none for me?" She was looking him full in the face. There

was no merry sparkle in her eyes now, but a strange new light.

"Marjorie," he said huskily, answering not what was spoken by her lips so much as what was shining from her eyes. "Do you mean that?" But she continued to look up at him and did not speak.

And then she was clasped in his arms, but before their lips met he had caught her whisper, "Oh, Dick, I thought you never *would* see!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Now it happened that all this had taken place just below the open window of Sir Anthony's study, and in the great stillness of that evening every word had come clearly up to him where he sat, and presently he realised what was taking place. His first impulse was to spring up and interpose, but he sank back into his chair again. "It is my own fault," he said to himself, "I ought to have known, I ought to have seen it coming, but it is too late now. It would break her heart to send him away—and, I can't do without him. Well, after all, perhaps it is best so; I shall always have them with me, and she will have someone to take care of her, presently. But yet, she might have married any one!"

And then there came back to him the words he had spoken to Martin so many years ago. "Give me good oak," he had said, "even if it grows by a ditch." Well, if ever man was good oak, good solid oak, Dick Hilton was, he had proved him. Yes—and there was a touch of pride in the thought—and he had had no small share in the making of him. So by degrees the father and the friend triumphed over the baronet and the master; and at last with a smile full of kindness he rose and softly left the room, lest any more sacred speech should come up to him.



## THE IRREGULARS OF THE NAVY.

In all our naval wars, from the days of the Plantagenets to those of George the Third, the Royal Navy has been supplemented by a more or less numerous fleet of private ships of war, whose numbers varied in inverse ratio to the efficiency of the Royal Service. During the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the ships "of the Tower," which was then the principal Royal Arsenal, were no more than the nucleus of the naval forces of the Kingdom, which were drawn from every port along the coast. Not only the Cinque Ports (which enjoyed special privileges on condition of holding their ships always at the King's command) but every coast town from Land's End to Berwick,—from Hartipole, Tynmouth, Lemington, Broughtlingsey, Grynshie, to others less recognisable, such as Swynehumber, Hamilhoke and Strotchhithe—contributed its quota to the great muster of the national forces. Even in Elizabeth's time it was recognised that the Royal Navy was only a part of the navy of England; for that included every ship that flew the Red Cross of St. George. Some of the Queen's officers bore her full commission; others were content to act upon her private licence; and it was not always easy to distinguish between them. The first regular "letters of marque and reprisal,"—the commission of the privateer—seem to have been issued in 1295. Bernard D'Ongressill, merchant of Bayonne, which was then part of the dominions of the King of England, sent his ship, the *St. Mary*, to Barbary; and on her return

voyage she was driven by stress of weather into the Tagus, where she was seized and plundered by an armed force, and the King of Portugal took a tenth of the booty. D'Ongressill estimated his loss at £700, and prayed the King's lieutenant of Gascony to grant him "licence of marking the men and subjects of Portugal," and their goods by land and sea, until he had recouped himself. This licence was granted, and confirmed by the King for five years from June, 1295; to cease as soon as restitution had been made.

Again, in 1377, John Philipot, then Lord Mayor of London, fitted out at his own expense a squadron of ships, manned them with a thousand fighting men, and led them himself to put a stop to the depredations of John Mercer, a Scotch "irregular" who was harrying our eastern coast with a fleet of ships manned by Frenchmen, Scots, and Spaniards. When he returned, bringing Mercer and fifteen prizes with him, the Lords of the Council demanded, by the mouth of the Earl of Strafford, how he dared make war without their formal authority; but they held their peace when Philipot told them that if they had done their duty there would have been no need for him to risk himself and his property in defence of their country.

In 1406, when the naval forces of the nation were fallen by neglect into utter insufficiency, the merchants, mariners, and ship-owners formally undertook the work of policing the Narrow Seas against anything short of "the royal power of the King's

enemies" with a fleet carrying two thousand men-at-arms, beside mariners; and Richard Clyderow and Nicholas Blackburne were invested with "such powers as had hitherto been granted to Admirals."

It would be unjust to these men, and their successors the privateers, to disparage them as merely mercenary adventurers who looked to plunder, and nothing else, for their reward. They took it, when it came in their way, just as the knightly heroes of Froissart made profit of their prowess when they could and thought no shame. Like them, the irregulars of the sea were fighting the battles of their country. It is only in later times that the fighting man has been expected to devote his life to doing his duty for something less than the current rate of wages, and to live penuriously, satisfied with the knowledge of duty done.

The Royal Navy has never been strong enough to perform all its multifarious functions in time of war with a first-class naval power. In earlier times the employment of private ships was found necessary, and their position as part of the national defences was recognised. As the Empire grew, and the trade with its outlying dependencies developed, the class of ships trading to the East and West Indies improved, and their armament was increased with their cargoes, till they became a match for anything that they were likely to encounter, save regular ships of war belonging to a hostile power. But they could not legally make prize of any marauding vessel which attacked them unless they were authorised to do so by letters-of-marque. Therefore many of the larger ships carried such letters: the ships of the East India Company always did so; not because they had any intention of cruising against the

sea-borne trade of hostile nations, but in order to legalise their position if they should be attacked by armed vessels of any, or no nationality. These regular traders were not to be confounded with the privateers which were fitted out in time of war by private owners, and were sent out to prey upon the commerce of the enemy. Two ships that sailed out of Liverpool about the year 1780 were typical of the two classes of "letters-of-marque,"—the *MERSEY*, Captain Gibbons, owned by Whitaker and Co., of fourteen hundred tons, carrying twenty-eight guns and a hundred men, which was a regular trader; and the *BELLONA*, Captain Fairweather, owned by Bolden and Co., of two hundred and fifty tons, carrying twenty-four guns and a hundred and forty men, which was a privateer.

The golden days of privateering began with the War of the Austrian Succession in 1740. The sensational incident of Jenkins's ear precipitated a naval war at a time when the Royal Navy, being scarcely strong enough to face the active hostility of the Spaniards and the scarcely veiled antagonism of the French, could give little or no protection to our commerce, which suffered terribly from the depredations of privateers of all nations, cruising under the Spanish flag. Walpole was compelled to issue letters-of-marque and reprisal wholesale in order to supply the lack of Royal cruisers and to protect our trade, as well as to attack that of the enemy. Privateers were fitted out in nearly all the considerable ports throughout the kingdom, but it was in Liverpool and Bristol that the irregular naval war was most popular.

The year 1744 was full of misfortune for the Navy, then at its lowest ebb. Admiral Matthews's muddled action with De Court, the loss of Sir John Balchen and the

VICTORY on the Caskets, and of five line-of-battle ships and two frigates by wreck or capture, made up a list of catastrophes which, happily, has never been equalled. It was a curious coincidence that the following year saw the first cruise of the most successful squadron of privateers that ever sailed the sea. Certain merchants of London and Bristol, Messieurs John Casamajor, Valentine Comyns, Edward Ironside, William Belcher, Israel Jalabert, and James Talbot, fitted out a squadron of three ships, and sent them to sea under the command of James Talbot as commodore. His broad pendant was hoisted in the PRINCE FREDERICK, and there sailed with him the DUKE and the PRINCE GEORGE. According to an account in the GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE officers and men signed articles to accept half the value of the prizes that might be captured in lieu of wages, to be paid at Bristol by Henry Casamajor, their agent, in certain stipulated proportions. In the summer of 1745 they were cruising off Louisbourg, where the French were then besieged by a colonial force from Massachusetts, covered by a score of privateers. Talbot's squadron, which had naturally received the nickname of "the Royal Family" chased and captured two French ships, the LOUIS ERASMUS and the MARQUIS D'ANTIN, of almost fabulous value. It is said that the owners' share amounted to £700,000. The officers' shares are not mentioned, but each seaman took £850. A third ship, the NOTRE DAME DE LA DELIVERANCE, was taken by H.M.S. SUNDERLAND AND CHESTER, and was valued at £600,000.

The discipline of the privateer cruisers was closely copied from that of the Royal Navy; no detail was neglected, nothing was left to chance. Mr. Gomer Williams, in his LIVERPOOL PRIVATEERS, reproduces the

quarter-bill of a privateer of the middle eighteenth century, carrying twenty nine-pounders on the main deck and four three-pounders on the quarter deck and forecastle. The captain fought the ship from the quarter-deck; the master, who handled her under the captain's orders, stood beside him; a midshipman was in attendance to pass the word and perform the duties of an aide-de-camp. One quarter-master was at the helm, another was in charge of the two three-pounder guns, and their crew of three men and a powder-boy; and the "first marine officer and twenty-four musketeers" completed the quarter-deck complement. Upon the main deck below them the first lieutenant commanded the ten foremost guns, five on each side; and the second lieutenant the ten aftermost guns, with the gunner to assist wherever he was required. Six men and a powder-boy were stationed at each of the ten guns in broadside, and its opposite. In the open waist, between the forecastle and the quarter-deck, were two masters'-mates, to tend the foretopsail braces and work the ship forward, with the boatswain's mate and two seamen to assist them and attend to any repairs of rigging. The carpenter and his crew attended to pumps and plugged any shot-holes near the water-line. The boatswain commanded on the forecastle with two seamen to work the ship and repair rigging, while three men and a boy served the two three-pounder guns, and the second marine-officer with nine musketeers supplied the small-arm fire. A midshipman and five small-arms men were stationed in the main-top; five more were in the fore-top, and three in the mizen-top. The gunner's mate and assistants were in the powder-room, and the surgeon and his mate in the cock-pit. All told, they mustered a

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hundred and fifty officers and men. The main-deck guns were probably medium nine-pounders, eight feet long, weighing about twenty-six hundredweight; the three-pounders would weigh about seven hundredweight. The whole art or science of privateering was expounded in a handy little text book by Captain Hutchinson, a celebrated master of the craft, who died in 1801. The only special fighting instruction addressed to the privateer was an injunction to be careful of his ship and so far as possible to keep her out of damage, as a duty which he owed to his owners. For this reason he was recommended to attack his enemy upon the quarter, then to pass under his stern, and rake him, and to keep clear of his broadside; very sound advice, which was founded upon the practice of all frigate-captains, but had no special virtue for the privateer.

Before the Seven Years' War began, privateering had been organised and reduced to a system; the haphazard methods of the earlier irregulars were past and gone. Even then it was not likely to be regarded with much favour by the officers or men of the regular service; for the chief object of its existence was to pick up valuable prizes which might otherwise have fallen to the share of His Majesty's ships. But, however it may have been with the small fry, the leading members of the profession earned and received much consideration and respect from the King's officers. They displayed a singularly lofty sense of the obligations imposed upon them by their letters-of-marque. They did not regard themselves as mere picaroons or commerce-destroyers; they were private ships of war, owned by private citizens, and they acknowledged the same duties, and were bound by the same loyalty, as the cruisers of the King. When-

ever national interests were at stake they co-operated with the King's forces, of which they were proud to be reckoned a part. In presence of the enemy they maintained the honour of the flag as jealously and fought as readily, as if their owners had sent them to sea to win glory, and had no care for prize-money. They were useful scouts, for they were constantly cruising, and they reported to the naval officers whenever it was practicable. They were officially desired to correspond with the Secretary of the Navy, and to report to him any captures or incidents which they considered of importance.

Across the great gulf of one hundred and fifty years that lies between their lives and ours, there floats, now and again, a faint echo of some of the gallant deeds that were done by these good seamen of a bygone day. A new school of ethics has arisen since then. Straightforward methods are denounced (the more's the pity) and virile virtues are out of fashion. The sturdy patriotism that saw no harm in spoiling the enemy who was doing his best to spoil them, is out of date, like the pig tails, the old-fashioned finery, the heavily-built beak-headed ships, of those hard-fighting heroes by whose grace there is now a British Empire to be a happy hunting ground for philanthropists. They fought and took prizes with a steady persistence that was never shaken by sick dreams of magnanimity or weakened by anæmic visions of a graceful surrender. We are more enlightened now, and more humane. Although it is the non-combatants who declare war and make peace, yet the property of non-combatants must be respected, and the rough business of war must be carried on with a tender consideration for their convenience. It was not by observing such scruples that any nation emerged victorious from

the conflicts of the past. War is brutal ; that is conceded. It may be the truest mercy to make it short and sharp. Waged politely it tends to become chronic.

Among the many privateer captains who would have done honour to any service, was Fortunatus Wright. He came of a fighting stock ; his father, John Wright, master mariner and ship-owner of Liverpool, defended his ship for two hours against two enemies of superior force. Fortunatus began life by "following the sea" like his father. But in 1741, being then in business in Liverpool, he found it necessary to quit his native land somewhat abruptly (an accident which befell many other honest gentlemen in the troublous times about "the Forty-five") and settled with his wife and family at Leghorn. When the war broke out in 1746 some merchants of Leghorn fitted out the brigantine *FAME* as a privateer, and procured letters-of-marque from the British Government. Wright obtained the command. Captain Hutchinson, who at one time served under him, describes him as a master in seamanship and specially commends his carefully-devised system of cruising. It was certainly successful, for the *GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE* appraised his captures at the conventional sum of £400,000. That amount occurs so frequently in privateering records that it was probably understood to signify vaguely the potentiality of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice. Whatever the actual value may have been, Wright's share does not appear to have made a rich man of him. He got into trouble with the Tuscan Government, which ordered him to restore the value of a French ship, which had been taken after a smart engagement and legally condemned in a prize court. He refused, and was imprisoned for

six months. Then he gave bail in the Admiralty Court to answer the action, and was handed over to the British Consul and liberated ; but the action was never brought to trial.

When the Seven Years' War began, in May, 1756, Wright was fitting out a new ship, the *St. George*. Those ten years had taught the Tuscan Government many things ; the duties of neutrals were better understood than they had been in 1746, and the English ships in the port were forbidden to make any additions to their normal crew or armament. Wright applied for information as to the limit which would be permitted for the *St. George*, and learned that she might carry twenty-five men and four small guns. He requested the authorities to examine the ship and certify that she carried no more. Armed with this certificate and very little else, he sailed on July 28th, 1756, with four English ships, each armed and manned up to the legal limit, under his convoy. Once out of sight of land, the convoy brought to, and transferred their superfluous men and guns to the *St. George*, till she carried her full armament of twelve guns, and her complement of eighty men. The process of transshipment was scarcely over when a large French ship hove in sight. The French had retained a lively recollection of Wright's exploits during the previous war, and were naturally anxious to prevent any repetition of them. It is related that Louis the Well-beloved had issued an edict at Marseilles, offering rewards to any one who should capture him. Twice the value of the *St. George*, the command of a King's ship, a pension and the Cross of St. Louis, were among the inducements offered to the successful champion ; and the captain of this ship, a xebec of sixteen guns and a hundred and thirty men, was



the first to attempt the adventure. Wright met his advances half way, and after a lively encounter the xebec returned to Marseilles with the loss of the captain, a lieutenant, and sixty men killed.

Wright's operations were terribly hampered by his selection of Leghorn, a neutral port, for his base. When he returned to repair damages he was at once arrested for violating the neutrality of the port. Sir Horace Mann, the British minister, protested, but nevertheless the *St. GEORGE* and sixteen other English ships at Leghorn were detained, till Admiral Hawke, commanding in the Mediterranean, sent Captain Burnaby with two ships of the line to bring them out "by force if necessary."

The naval records of those days are not too trustworthy, and the exploits of popular privateers, described by unofficial chroniclers whose patriotic enthusiasm was stronger than their regard for historical accuracy, are perhaps exaggerated. But though the details may be generously treated, there is no doubt that they described incidents which actually occurred. Such an incident, sufficiently characteristic of the popular conception of privateers in general and Fortunatus Wright in particular, is recorded as happening at Malta. The *St. GEORGE* put in for provisions; but French influence being paramount in the island there were none to be had. There were, however, many British seamen who had been set ashore there by the French privateers who had captured their ships. Wright took these unlucky waifs, who were not prisoners of war, on board the *St. GEORGE*, to give them a passage to some neutral port, whence they might return home. He was ordered to send them ashore again, but refused to do so, as he considered it inconsistent with his duty to deliver up British subjects

under the British flag. He persisted in his refusal, till a royal galley anchored alongside the *St. GEORGE* with orders to give no quarter unless the men were given up. It was not long before he was able to retaliate. Mr. Tatem, British Consul at Messina, reported on Jan. 19th, 1757, that the *St. GEORGE*, Captain Fortunatus Wright, had fought two actions in the Channel of Malta, one at night and one in the day-time, with *L'HIRONDELLE*, a French polacca, of twenty-six guns and two hundred and eighty-three men. In spite of the disparity of force, Wright beat the Frenchman off. Four months later it was reported in a Liverpool newspaper that the *St. GEORGE* had gone down at sea in a gale on March 16th. Then came a later report that she had arrived at Messina on May 26th, with a valuable prize. It is an undeniable testimony to the general esteem in which Fortunatus Wright was held, that the *CHRONICLE* expressed its joy and relief in a lengthy poem.

He lives ! He lives ! In spite of all his  
foes,  
Celestial Powers were pleased to inter-  
pose ;  
He lives to conquer—lift the Flag on  
high !  
And let the joyful cannon greet the  
sky.

These decorous lines extended to half a column or so, and might have been cut off the same piece as the lyrical tributes to Boscawen or Hawke. But their rejoicing was premature. Two months later Sir Horace Mann wrote, "It is feared, by his not having been heard of for some months, that he foundered at sea." Like many another good sea-captain—like Balchen, Troubridge, *La Pérouse*, Hyde Parker, and a thousand unnamed heroes—the mysterious sea claimed him and his



ship, and no man knows where they are lying.

Here is an advertisement which appeared in *WILLIAMSON'S ADVERTISER*, a Liverpool paper, on December 17th, 1756.

Now fitting out for a cruise, and will be ready to sail next week against the enemy of Great Britain, the ship *KING OF PRUSSIA*, privateer, under the command of William Mackaffee. Burthen 250 tons, mounts 16 carriage guns, all nine-pounders, 20 swivels, and 164 men. All gentlemen-seamen and able-bodied landsmen that are willing to imitate the brave king whose name the ship bears, in curbing the insolence of the French and making their fortunes immediately, will meet with suitable encouragement by applying to Messrs. Thomas Farke and Stanhope Mason, Merchants; or the Commander. N.B.—The ship carried a commission last war, met with great success in taking many prizes, and is a prime sailor.

Mackaffee fell in with an outward-bound convoy in April, in the Gut of Gibraltar. Five of them struck to him, but four French men-of-war bore down and obliged him to draw off; he went in again after night-fall, and captured one ship, the snow *LA FAVORITE*, which sold for 30,000 livres, beside 20,000 dollars which were found on board her. Rear-admiral Charles Saunders, who had succeeded Hawke in the Mediterranean, was cruising with a squadron within sound of Mackaffee's guns, and was therefore entitled to share in the prize-money, "but," says Mackaffee, "the noble-spirited Admiral gave up his claim, and the rest of the captains followed his example." During the year the *KING OF PRUSSIA* took many prizes, one of which was worth 250,000 French livres. After twelve months' cruising Mackaffee had still a hundred of his "gentlemen-seamen" aboard with him in good health, beside prize-crews sent into Malta

and Candia; but condemnation was very expensive, and all the authorities expected presents. Perhaps that explains why the *KING OF PRUSSIA* was sold by auction in 1758, in consequence of the bankruptcy of one of her owners. In the same year Captain Hutchinson, the master craftsman, met with an annoying mishap. He commanded the crack privateer *LIVERPOOL*, carrying eighteen twelve-pounders and four nines, and captured a £20,000 prize in the Bay of Biscay. Soon afterwards, during the night of September 11th, he sighted another large ship. By his own rules he should have taken his position on her quarter or under her stern; but he neglected all precautions, ran alongside her, and by a natural but fatal blunder hailed her in French. There was no mistaking the language of the reply, which came in the form of a broadside that wounded twenty-eight men and half-unrigged the ship. Hutchinson's evil star had led him to attack the *ANTELOPE*, a fifty gun ship belonging to the fleet with which Hawke was blockading Brest. He was neither the first nor the last officer whose theory was more cautious than his practice.

Perhaps the first and greatest of privateer captains was George Walker. In daring, determination, and professional skill he was the equal of any naval captain of his day; his success as a cruising commander was almost unbroken; yet the evening of his day of glory was clouded by poverty. He, to whom all the seas had been free, knew what it was to spend years within the walls of a debtor's prison; and after having fought a Spanish line-of-battleship on equal terms he was indebted to a friend and namesake for the chance of earning his living in command of a fishing-boat. He was not deserted by the friends who knew him, though the skinflint

owners whom he served so well left him to starve in gaol. We owe it to one of his officers, who published an anonymous relation of Walker's VOYAGES AND CRUISES at Dublin in 1763, that his career is better known to us than that of any other hero of the irregular navy.

He began his adventurous life in the Dutch service, and cruised as a lad in the Levant against Greek and Turkish pirates. In 1739 he had risen to be the owner and commander of the DUKE WILLIAM, a ship of twenty guns, carrying a crew of only thirty-two men. Although he was so short-handed he thought it worth his while to obtain letters-of-marque before sailing for Gibraltar and thence to South Carolina. At daybreak off Cape Finisterre he fell in with a Spanish privateer of twenty-four guns. Less than half manned as he was, he set his crew to work to rig up dummy musketeers on deck. Hand-spikes covered with rags and remnants of clothing made a warlike show; the boatswain piped away shrilly after the naval fashion, and the DUKE WILLIAM stood on for her foe, captain and crew alike roaring with laughter at the dishevelled, stolid puppets that manned the deck. "Blaze away, lads, and make plenty of smoke," said Walker, "or we shall have these Spanish jokers picking off some of our wooden men!" But the dummies were men enough to overawe the Spaniards and they declined the action. When the DUKE WILLIAM arrived at her destination Walker found the coast of South Carolina unprotected by a single cruiser and harried by Spanish privateers.<sup>1</sup> He had a perfectly clear

conception of the duty that devolved upon the irregular navy in the absence of His Majesty's ships, and at once offered his vessel to the colonial government. He reinforced his irregular commission by entering as a volunteer in the colonial service, and his example was followed by so many gentlemen "of the county" that the DUKE WILLIAM went a-cruising with a full crew of a hundred and thirty men. For four months they served against Spanish ships afloat and Spanish batteries ashore. When the arrival of naval reinforcements relieved him of his self-imposed duty, he received the thanks of Governor Gabriel Johnson and the Assembly. He remained upon the station till 1742 and then sailed for England in convoy of a fleet of merchantmen. They had a bad passage; the heavily timbered ships of that time were singularly weak in construction, and ill-fastened. Six hundred miles west of Sicily the DUKE WILLIAM started a butt. Night and day the pumps were kept going, and all but two of the guns were thrown overboard, but still they had eight feet of water in the hold, and, do what they would, the leak gained on them. Walker was down with dysentery, and after three days of a losing struggle Captain Burroughes, one of the convoy, took them off. Two hours after they left her, the ship went down.

Walker had lost everything but the clothes he wore; and when he reached England a new misfortune awaited him. His agent had allowed the insurance to lapse, and every shilling he had in the world had gone down with the DUKE WILLIAM. For a short time he had command of a Baltic trader; but he had found his vocation; he had tasted the fascination of privateering, and, what was more to the purpose, he had established a reputation as a commander, and in

<sup>1</sup> It was in 1740 that General Oglethorpe induced the Governor of Carolina to lend him the entire naval force on the station, some half-a-dozen frigates under Commodore Vincent Pearse, to assist in his unsuccessful attempt on St. Augustine in Florida.

1744 he obtained for the first time the command of a real private ship of war, unencumbered by cargo. Some gentlemen "of Dartmouth and London" had fitted out two ships, each of twenty-six guns and about a hundred and thirty men; one was the *MARS*; the other had been the French frigate *Médée*, and now bore the name of *Boscawen*, who had captured her a few months before. Walker was given the command of the *MARS*.

There was no regular naval uniform at that time. Such a thing was not even prescribed till 1746, and it was not generally adopted till ten or a dozen years later. All sea-officers dressed as they pleased; Smollett has left it on record that Commodore Trunton boarded the "*RENUMMY*" in 1747 in a red jacket, and there are many incidents which suggest that the naval preference was for scarlet rather than blue. That self-respecting privateer, Captain George Walker, probably went ashore in all the glories of a full-skirted scarlet coat, with great boot-cuffs turned back to show lace ruffles, and a lace cravat instead of the standing collar of later days; for the rest, a long-flapped waistcoat, scarlet or white, scarlet knee-breeches, silk stockings and buckled shoes. The silver-hilted cut-and-thrust hanger would be half-hidden under the wide skirts; his hair, tied in a queue and powdered—or, it may have been, an elaborate wig—was covered with a three-cornered hat, which, like coat and waistcoat, cuffs and pockets, was heavy with gold lace. On the quarter-deck his dress would be better adapted to withstand wind and weather, but so smart a seaman could never have been slovenly. Dress him how you will, in rough sea-cloth or dainty foppery, he was every inch a man and an officer.

Two days after sailing from Dartmouth they fell in with a French frigate of twenty-six guns, out of Brest. Walker engaged her, but the *BOSCAWEN* gave no assistance and the Frenchman escaped into Brest again. Walker went on board the *BOSCAWEN* and had an interview with her captain which seems to have impressed him, for he behaved himself better afterwards. One December midnight the *MARS* fell in with two big Frenchmen, the *NEPTUNE*, seventy-four, and *FLEURON*, sixty-four. The *BOSCAWEN* was not then in company, and the *MARS*, being foul, sailed badly. Walker called all hands aft and said, "Gentlemen, I'm not so rash as to attempt an engagement with such superior force against me. All I ask is—obey orders, and, if possible, we'll get off without surrendering." They kept up a hot fire from their stern-chasers till both the line-of-battle ships ranged up, one on each quarter, and opened their lower-deck ports. Then he struck. The captain of the *FLEURON* to whom he was sent, asked him how he dared fire on a line-of-battle ship from so small a vessel. "If you look at my commission," said the undaunted privateer, "you'll see that I had as good a right to fight as you. And if my force had been greater I'd have been more civil to you aboard my ship than you are to me." Six Frenchmen had been killed. Several more had been wounded by strange missiles, and Walker was accused of loading his guns with broken glass. An enquiry was held and it was found that an Irishman at one of the after guns, seeing that there was no chance of escape, put all his money, sixteen shillings, in a handkerchief and crammed it in after the shot. "If I bribe them with this," said he, "maybe they won't plunder me."

Walker's mouth must have watered

when he learned from the captain of the *FLEURON*, who was civil enough after the Irishman's eccentricity had been explained to him, that the two big ships were homeward-bound from Martinique with specie amounting to nearly £4,000,000. A few days later they were chased by four British line-of-battle ships, two of seventy, and two of sixty guns, under Captain Savage Mostyn, who recaptured the *MARS* but did not attack the two Frenchmen. Mostyn was brought to a court-martial and acquitted, but he never recovered his reputation. Walker was landed at Cherbourg, and the day after he left her the *FLEURON* blew up, and all his property and his letters of credit went up with her. Left penniless for the second time he was fortunate enough to be exchanged almost immediately, and his owners appointed him to the *BOSCAWEN*. This ship measured one hundred and fifteen feet in the keel (which would imply a length of about one hundred and forty feet on the gun-deck) and was thirty-eight feet in breadth. She had originally carried twenty-eight nine-pounders on the maindeck; Walker substituted twelve-pounders for some of them, but these appeared by the sequel to be too heavy for the hull. She carried three hundred and fourteen men, and was in fact an exceedingly powerful frigate for her time. As usual, there were more ships fitting out than crews to man them. There was a certain Captain Tailor, of the privateer *EXETER* which was completing at Topsham when Walker was getting ready for sea at Dartmouth. Both were short of men and Tailor tried to induce some of the *BOSCAWEN*'s to desert their ship in order to join the *EXETER*. But Walker's name was better known than Tailor's, and so when seventeen of his people went over to Topsham to return the visit

they were able to use such arguments as enabled them to start upon the return journey with eighty of the *EXETER*'s men in tow. Walker met the motley assemblage tramping it along the road—and it is thirty long miles from Topsham to Dartmouth. Somewhere upon the road (it may have been at Newton Abbot) he provided a dinner for all hands, only stipulating that no man should get drunk "but come to their proprietors sober." During the festivities he hired all the horses he could find in the town to carry them over the rest of the journey; there were not enough to give each man a separate mount, but they all found a berth somewhere, and it is recorded with pride that they were all sober when they arrived at Dartmouth, which may perhaps have been due to the unaccustomed horse-exercise. In those busy times it needed something more than an advertisement and a shipping office to obtain a crew for a privateer.

The *BOSCAWEN* sailed on April 19th, 1745, "the most complete privateer ever fitted out in England." On May 24th, while cruising in company with the twenty-two-gun privateer *SHEERNES*, a fleet of eight sail was sighted and chased. The *SHEERNES* dropped astern; the enemy formed in line of battle, but Walker was nevertheless disinclined to believe that they were ships of war. "If you give me your votes for leading you on," said he, "I'll pawn my life to bring you off victorious." Sixty men were lying sick below, but only three were absent when he beat to quarters. They laid the *BOSCAWEN* alongside the commodore, who was in a ship of twenty-four guns; and presently found themselves in hot action with an enemy on each side, another across their bows and a fourth under their stern. Yet this privateer crew at-

tended each man to his duty, and the BOSCAWEN was fought as steadily as if she had been a three-decker with Hawke himself on the quarter-deck. In forty-five minutes the commodore struck; not without reason, for his ship went down ten minutes afterwards. The rest held out for half an hour longer, and then Walker found himself in possession of five prizes, homeward bound from Martinique. Including the ship that had gone to the bottom they carried among them ninety-eight guns and three hundred and thirty men, of whom one hundred and thirteen were killed or drowned. The BOSCAWEN had only one man killed and seven wounded,—fairly good proof of the proficiency of her gunners. Walker was no less admirable in victory than in defeat; the commodore had lost everything, and Walker made him free of his own wardrobe. The case of an old lady who had been a passenger required more delicate treatment; but she managed as best she could with the gallant captain's silk night-gowns! The voyage home was enlivened with musical evenings and other entertainments; when they reached England he carried his prisoners to Bath where they remained as his guests for two months, and when he had obtained their release he provided a cartel to carry them home. This very gentle perfect knight duly received the congratulations of their Lordships through their Secretary, Mr. Corbet, and none can say that he had not deserved them.

George Walker thoroughly understood how to deal with privateersmen, always a difficult class of crew to handle. During the cruise a mysterious legend was whispered through the ship. It was said that a French gunner had murdered his wife on board of her while she was the *Médée*, and that the ghost of the

victim still haunted the BOSCAWEN. Sober, trustworthy men declared that they had seen the apparition and described its dress and appearance. The ghostly lady had not waited to be spoken to; woman-like, she had spoken first, and uttered dismal forebodings. By her account the BOSCAWEN was to be lost three times over. The crew were greatly depressed. It was useless to combat their superstitious fears, so Walker adopted a simpler method. He found two other men, no less sober and trustworthy than the first, who were willing for a consideration to declare that they had personated the phantom; whereupon all hands regained confidence and became cheerful again. But they were a troublesome set to deal with. A snow was captured, the *FORTUNE* of Hamburg; she was beyond all doubt a neutral, and Walker accordingly released her. The disappointed crew broke out in mutiny, and two of them were seized by the officers and put in irons. Next day Walker mustered all hands, read to them the clauses of the Treaty of 1674 relating to neutral ships, and furnished his insubordinate crew with copies to be studied at leisure. This treatment too was successful.

The BOSCAWEN had never been a strong ship, and she was only iron-fastened; the thirty-two hundred-weight twelve-pounders racked her to pieces, and she became so leaky on the voyage home that the people were worn out with labour at the pumps. Walker remained on deck for seven days; but the crew lost heart and the leaks gained on them. When the weather was at its worst and their hopes lowest, Walker suddenly hailed for a sail in sight, and bade the drummer beat to quarters. The worn-out crew turned on him in despair. "Are we going to engage like this?" demanded some of the more faint-



hearted. The haggard captain faced his disheartened crew. "Yes!" he roared at them, huskily. "You're going to fight your worst enemy—your own fear! Do you expect me to save the ship by myself! Turn to, and do your duty!" They managed to keep her afloat till Walker beached her at St. Ives with the loss of four men only. Every one knew that but for Walker's seamanship and determination the BOSCAWEN would have foundered with all hands.

He had not long to wait for another command. Late in 1745 Captain James Talbot and the "Royal Family" privateers had returned to England and the owners had shared £700,000 among them. They were eager for another venture, but Talbot was now a rich man and had no mind to go to sea again. The command of the KING GEORGE and the squadron was offered to Walker; the ships were fitted out at Bristol under his own eye, and the squadron was increased till it consisted of the KING GEORGE, Captain and Commodore Walker, of thirty-two guns and three hundred men; the PRINCE FREDERICK, Captain Hugh Bromedge, of twenty-six guns and two hundred and sixty men; the DUKE, Captain Edward Dottin, of twenty guns and two hundred and sixty men; and the PRINCESS AMELIA, Captain Robert Denham, of twenty-four guns and a hundred and fifty men; in all, one hundred and two guns and nine hundred and seventy men. Bristol was as busy as a royal dockyard, and the "Royal Family" had no need to advertise for seamen; they could pick and choose among a crowd of eager applicants.

The cruise began badly. The PRINCE FREDERICK was put on shore in the Bristol Channel by her pilot, and had to go back for repairs. A man in the DUKE murdered one of his shipmates and the assassin and

two witnesses were sent back to Bristol. The murderer was hanged, the PRINCE FREDERICK was left in dry dock, and the squadron sailed without them. Off Scilly they were chased by three French line-of-battle ships, and when night came Walker played the time-honoured trick of rigging a spar in a tub and setting it adrift with a lantern on the top of it; then he steered an altered course with all lights out, while the Frenchmen continued in chase of his tub. They met the West Indian and Newfoundland trade under convoy of H.M.S. RYE and MILFORD, and gave them warning of the French ships; and the King's ships and the "Royal Family" punctiliously saluted one another before parting. The PRINCE FREDERICK rejoined at the Azores, and soon after they captured the BUEN CONSEJO, a Spanish register ship sailing from Cadiz to Buenos Ayres with a cargo worth £60,000 and a number of lady-passengers. Walker agreed to accept ransom for the ship and cargo and took her into Lisbon. All hands seem to have been delighted when the Spanish ladies offered Walker heavy bribes of their jewellery to purchase "civil treatment," bribes which were courteously declined, inasmuch as the articles of the squadron forbade them to make prize of "clothes, personal ornaments, watches, rings, swords, or private property of any kind." Not long afterwards, in February, 1747, they chased and captured another register ship, the NINFA, and, by a curious coincidence, a number of their former prisoners in the BUEN CONSEJO had taken passage in her and fell a second time into their hands. The whole cruise lasted eight months; not one man of the squadron was lost; and the prizes taken sold for more than £220,000.

The "Royal Family" was again



reinforced for the next cruise. Dottin shifted into the *PRINCE FREDERICK*, Denham into the *DUKE*; Andrew Riddle commanded the *PRINCESS AMELIA*, Francis Davidson the *PRINCE GEORGE*, Frederick Hamilton the *PRINCE EDWARD*. Regardless of superstitions Walker sailed on a Friday, July 10th, 1747. His new cruising ground was between Cape St. Mary on the coast of Portugal and Cape Cantin in Morocco, covering both sides of the Straits and Cadiz. Three days after sailing on that ill-omened Friday misfortune overtook them, and the croakers were justified. On Monday, in a heavy sea, the *PRINCE EDWARD* went down suddenly, stern first, lost by a very strange and unusual accident. By the working of the ship the mainmast slipped out of the mast-step and knocked a hole through the bottom. Only Hamilton and two seamen were rescued. In October they watered in Lagos Bay. The *PRINCE FREDERICK* filled her casks first, and standing out of the bay at five o'clock in the morning sighted a large ship to the southward steering northerly towards Cape St. Vincent. The wind was from the north-east, and very light. Walker, already under way in the *KING GEORGE*, threw out the signal to chase; the *PRINCE FREDERICK* edged to the southward to cut off her retreat to leeward, while the *KING GEORGE* headed to cross her bows. As she drew nearer her appearance grew more and more formidable. Walker despatched a small settee tender to hurry up the *PRINCESS AMELIA*, which was still at anchor, and the *PRINCE GEORGE* and the *DUKE* which had misread the signal to chase and were hove-to. Presently the big stranger altered her course to the westward to avoid being caught between the *KING GEORGE* and the *PRINCE FREDERICK*. For five hours the slow pursuit went

on, the wind growing gradually lighter. About noon the last faint drain of it brought the *KING GEORGE* within gun-shot distance. Then it fell flat calm, and the two ships lay with their heads all round the compass, while the *PRINCE FREDERICK* was becalmed to the southward and the rest were out of sight. The big stranger hoisted her colours, but there was no breath of wind, and they hung from the mizen peak, limp and undecipherable. Spanish or Portuguese, friend or enemy, no one could distinguish. Walker had information of some homeward bound Spanish Indiamen of great value; none that he could hear of was more than a fifty-four gun ship. Even so, she was a handful; but presently, in lazy disdain, she opened her ports and ran out her guns. A seventy-four, no less! For a still half-hour she lay shimmering in the sun with her two tiers, both of twenty-four pounders, Spanish fashion, reflected in the water under her. She was the *GLORIOSO*; Walker did not know that three months before she had beaten off the *WARWICK*, a sixty-four gun ship; and that the *OXFORD* of fifty guns, the *SHOREHAM* and the *LARK*, both of twenty-four, sailing in company, had let her alone as too big for them to tackle. From the course she was steering he took it for granted that whatever she carried was still on board, and, big or little, he had no mind to let her carry it into a Spanish port.

When the *GLORIOSO* had allowed the little ship to count every gun and reckon up what poor chances she had of silencing them, she hauled in her guns and dropped her ports, never dreaming that she would yet be compelled to open them again in self-defence. Walker was a born leader of men, and here was proof of it; he inspired his officers and men with a

daring as reckless, a courage as steadfast, as his own. He called a council on the quarter-deck. All were of opinion that she carried treasure; that she also carried guns was a secondary consideration, and their unanimous vote was to attack. At five in the afternoon a light breeze ruffled the water and the Spaniard shaped her course for St. Vincent. They were confirmed in their opinion that she was a treasure-ship, trying to reach the protection of the batteries there; and without more ado George Walker took his ship alongside her, and hailed in Portuguese. There was no answer. He hailed again in English, and was answered in the same language: "What was his ship?" "The KING GEORGE." Up went the ports again; the guns ran out; and with a blaze and a roar the heavy broadside crashed into the KING GEORGE. Two of her guns were dismounted, and the maintop-sail-yard hung in fragments, but the broadside was returned; it was then eight o'clock and quite dark, and for three mortal hours the fight went on, the big ship and the little one standing in to the land side by side. There is no instance of any single frigate, belonging to any service, deliberately engaging a line-of-battle ship in close action on equal terms, save this; and it was left to George Walker the privateer to establish a unique record.

After the first broadside the Spanish gunners fired as fast as they could, but each gun was served independently. There would be a salvo of five or six at once; then single guns one after another; while the well-drilled gunners of the KING GEORGE sent in their broadsides "neatly and regularly, the last as good and as steady as the first." The whole ship worked like a machine. Andrew Riddle's brother James was "captain of marines" and kept up

a heavy fire of musketry; three times over his men had to change their heated muskets, while the captain fought the ship with his own inimitable coolness and composure. As they neared the shore the Castle on Cape St. Vincent opened fire; the KING GEORGE was terribly mauled. Every brace was cut through, all three masts were damaged; the ship was unmanageable and the hull was shot through and through, yet she had only sixteen men hit; most of the GLORIOSO's shot passed over her. At half-past ten the PRINCE FREDERICK came up on the Spaniard's larboard quarter and opened fire; at eleven o'clock at night the GLORIOSO made sail out of action. The KING GEORGE was unable to follow, and Walker dared not send the PRINCE FREDERICK in chase lest his own ship should sink under him; but shot-holes were plugged and rigging knotted or spliced, and at the dawn the two Princes and the DUKE were despatched in chase.

Above the horizon to the east there rose the topsails of a large ship. The RUSSELL, of eighty guns, Captain Matthew Buckle, was on her way home from the Mediterranean, with only half a crew and many of them sick. Walker despatched his settee with a letter to her captain, informing him that the squadron in sight to the westward was his "Royal Family" in pursuit of a Spanish seventy-four which would be an easy conquest for the RUSSELL. Buckle returned compliments and thanks and stood on after the Spaniard. Walker kept an anxious eye on the fortunes of his squadron. He saw the leading ship had got alongside the chase, and was in hot action. Suddenly a huge cloud of smoke burst from her; when it slowly rose and drifted away the Spaniard was still there, but her antagonist had disappeared. Walker

turned to his officers. "If we have tears, gentlemen," said he, "we may shed them now, for our friends are gone!" As he spoke an explosion shook his own ship from stem to stern. His "marines" had piled muskets and cartridge-boxes on the quarter-deck gratings while they assisted to repair the rigging, and a kick to a loaded musket had ignited the whole pile. The after sails took fire, and the crew, who had fought so steadily through the action were wild with panic. Walker, Riddle, and the chaplain (whose name is not given) extinguished the fire and restored order.

The ship that they had seen go up in a cloud of powder-smoke was not the *PRINCE FREDERICK*, but the *DARTMOUTH*, a fifty-gun ship which had been attracted by the sound of the heavy firing of the night before. Of her crew of three hundred only Lieutenant O'Brien and sixteen seamen escaped. The *GLORIOSO* was still full of fight, and when the *RUSSELL* at length brought her to action she gave the half-manned eighty a great deal of trouble. For five hours she defended herself most gallantly; but at length her main-topmast went over the side and the Spanish colours came down.

Lieutenant O'Brien and the survivors of the *DARTMOUTH* were picked up by the boats of the *PRINCE FREDERICK*. When the scorched and half-drowned lieutenant came up the side he politely saluted Captain Dottin, and excused himself for coming on board a strange ship in such a pickle, on the ground that he had left his own ship in such a hurry that he had no time to change his dress. When the *KING GEORGE* was once more a manageable ship, she brought to near the scene of the action, and Walker and Riddle went on board the *RUSSELL*. Captain Buckle received

them on the quarter-deck and introduced them to the captain of the *GLORIOSO*, who greeted them with the chivalrous courtesy of a Spaniard. "Sir," said he to Walker, "I owe to you the death of my son; but that was the fortune of war, not your fault. I am sorry that you have no better reward than empty glory. My ship carried nothing but guns; all the treasure was landed at the Groyne before we met." Three millions of treasure had been landed at Ferrol! The blow was utterly unexpected; but the great privateer was equal to the occasion. There was no trace of disappointment in his courteous expression of satisfaction that so brave a commander had escaped unhurt from the action he had fought so well: and then he returned with unmoved serenity to break the news to his squadron. The whole fleet put into Lisbon with their unremunerative prize, and there Lieutenant O'Brien, who was under the care of the surgeon of the *KING GEORGE*, was invited to go on board one of His Majesty's ships then in harbour, but he declared that he preferred to remain where he was unless they were going to make him a captain at once, for "Captain Walker had spoiled him for anything else."

The managing owner of the "Royal Family" (apparently Mr. Casamajor) came to Lisbon and gave Walker "a very uncouth welcome" for venturing their ship against a line-of-battle ship; but that was more than he could put up with. "Had the treasure been aboard as I expected," said he, "your compliment would have been other ways. Had we let her escape with that treasure aboard, what would you have said?" He was fated to have another difference with this man before they separated. Casamajor had arranged the ransom

for the *BUEN CONSEJO*, and in the articles which he had signed there was a clause undertaking that Walker should give her convoy as far as the Canary Isles. Walker very properly refused to give protection to the King's enemies, and the result was a quarrel. The question was referred to Sir Benjamin Keene, the British minister, who approved of Walker's action and administered a sharp reprimand to the managing owner.

That quarrel cost Walker dear. Peace was signed in 1748, and, his occupation being gone, he busied himself in an endeavour to organise a "General British fishery," and with that object visited the coasts of Scotland and Norway, taking soundings and making charts; but the accounts of his cruises had been ill-kept, and his owners began to be troublesome. Privateers had multiplied and the enemy's trade had decreased since Talbot's time; the reapers were many and the crop was scanty, yet the "*Royal Family*" while under his command had garnered £400,000. The worst accusation that his enemies could bring against him was that of extravagance in making advances to officers and men while abroad; but the honest tradesmen who had fitted out the "*Royal Family*" had neither forgotten nor forgiven the sturdy independence of their fighting commodore. George Walker had regarded himself as an officer of irregulars, bearing the King's licence, if not his commission, to harass the enemy's communications and make prize of his commerce wherever he found it. What his owners saw was their own paid servant, who owed no duty to any but themselves, and whose sole business was to obey their orders and earn their dividends. There was

a dispute as to a sum of £5,000 for which Walker was held liable; whatever money he had saved was swallowed up in legal expenses, and in 1756, just as the Seven Years' War was beginning, he was imprisoned for debt. No one knows exactly how long he remained in hopeless bondage, but he was still there in 1762. When the Seven Years' War was passed and over he was released, utterly penniless; he was indebted to a friend and namesake, who had had no share in his prosperity, for a refuge in the day of his distress; and George Walker, the equal of any officer of the Royal Navy of his day, was thankful to obtain the command of a fishing boat, to cruise against the cod and ling in the northern seas. He died in 1777.

He was the very type and pattern of the reckless, generous, extravagant sailor of romantic drama, the hero of song and story, the idol of this little island that only exists by grace of such as he. What more natural than that he should end his meteoric career in a debtors' prison or a North Sea fishing smack? Of all those for whom he had made money, or with whom he had spent it, of all the men whom he had led in action and in weather fair and foul, there was none to remember him save the friend who chronicled his exploits and the namesake who found him the means of livelihood. That was the fate of most of the privateers. Not for them the thanks of Parliament or the glories of Westminster Abbey. Yet in the evil days when our Navy was at its worst, hide-bound by the tradition of Fighting Instructions that had long ceased to be fighting tactics, they served their country well and struck hard to win and hold her sea-dominion against all the world.

W. J. FLETCHER.

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